

AUTOBIOGRAPHY  
OF  
REV. G. P. LINDERMAN

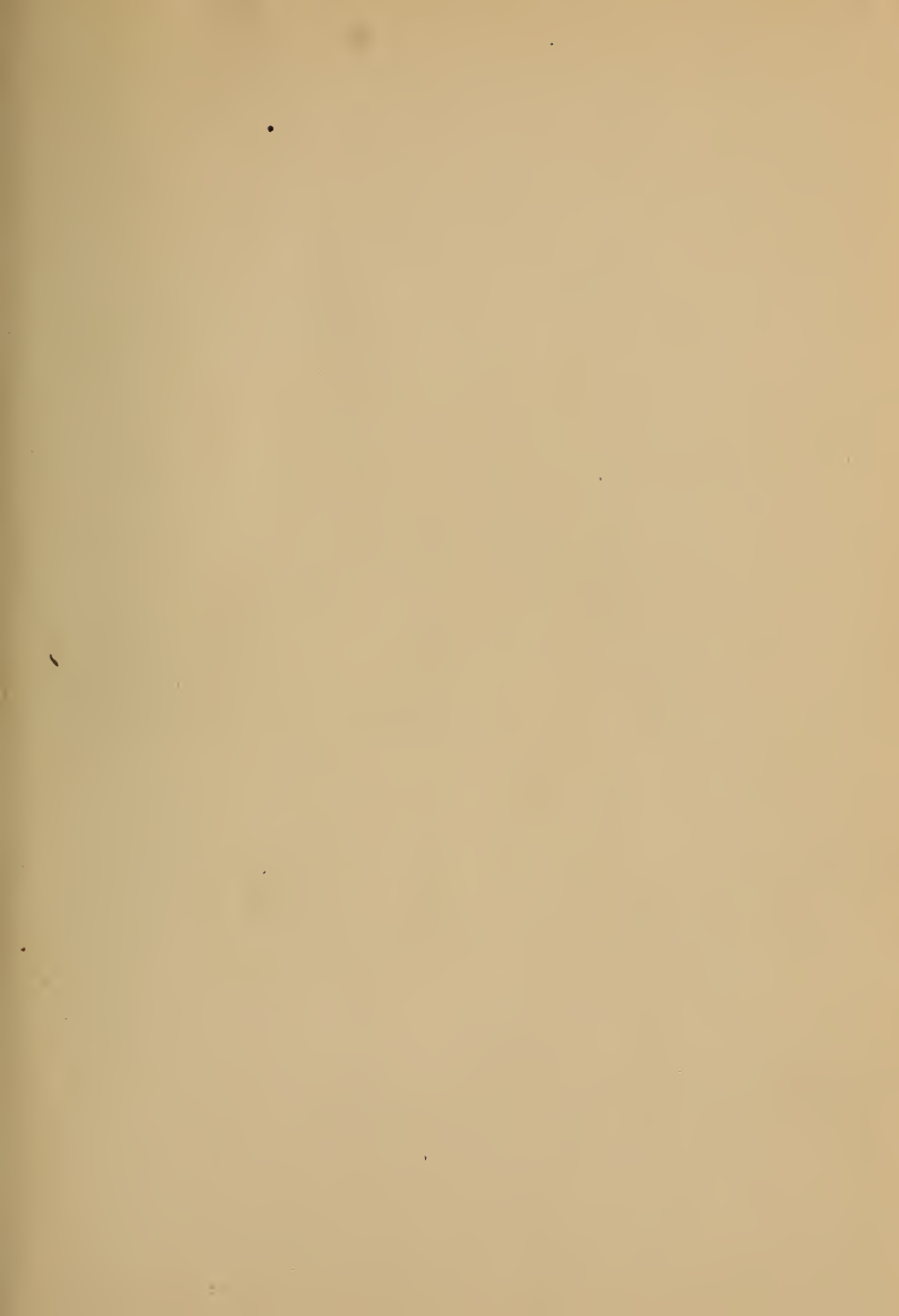


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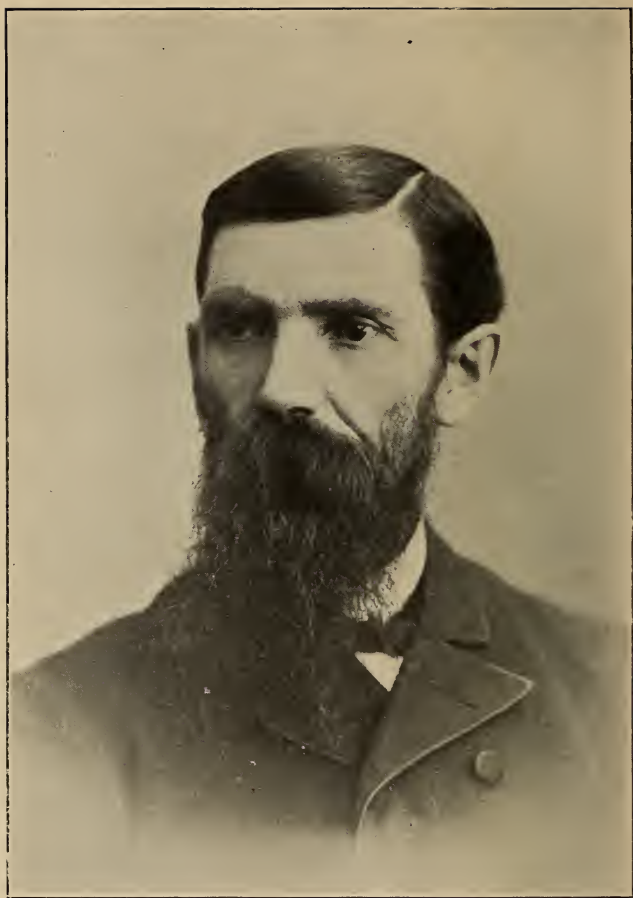












REV. G. P. LINDERMAN

# AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

REV. GEORGE P. LINDERMAN

*AN ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE,  
LABORS AND TRAVELS*



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NO. 1

TO  
MY DEAR WIFE AND CHILDREN

THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY  
DEDICATED



I was born July 9th, 1838, in Cattaraugus Co., N. Y. My father's name was Jacob Linderman, my mother's maiden name was Deziah Conrad. My parents were pioneers, moving into the woods, clearing away the trees and building a good log house, in which they lived while they cleared and improved a fine farm, which was their home for many years. There were born to them eleven children, Adaline, Parismus, Bartlet (all dying young), Phedora, Susan (deceased), Frances, John, myself, Loewi, William and Adelbert.

I was early taught to work, by a skillful father and mother on the farm, and in the house, and could do either equally well. My educational privileges were very limited, attending a district school three months in the year, generally in the Winter time. The object aimed at was to be able to read, spell, write and cipher. But being of a studious mind I eagerly read everything I could get hold of which would give information on any subject, general or specific. Having but very few books I naturally turned my attention to the Bible, poring over its marvelous pages with ever

increasing interest and reverence, committing much of it to memory, which has proved to be an almost inestimable blessing. So well did I succeed in Bible study, when I was eighteen years old, my father frankly admitted to me that he could not maintain any position on Bible doctrine, which I opposed in an argument.

At that time I was given a class of young men to teach in a Sunday School, thus beginning a blessed work, continuing about fifty years. The largest class I ever taught had sixty young men and women in it, and nearly all were converted and joined the church as a result. I was so eager to hear the Gospel preached, for it was only once in a great while a minister would come to our school house and speak to us; and when he did, he would yell and bellow and pound the desk with his fists in a frightful manner and call it preaching, that, after working hard all of the week on the farm, when I was fifteen years old I would walk on Sunday six miles and back again to hear the word of God and felt well paid for the effort.

At the age of sixteen years I had the misfortune to break my left leg below the knee in an accident, and at that time my father sold his farm and moved his family to Illinois, Dekalb



County, where he bought a fine farm, and I was taken along on crutches. This was in March, 1854.

When nineteen years of age I surrendered myself to God, and took the obligations of a Christian upon me. I was baptised and joined the Ohio Grove Free Baptist Church, and in the following year was licensed by a vote of the church to preach the Gospel of Christ. And while I felt I would be obliged to yield if I did my duty, I hesitated, because I knew I lacked education and must have it if I hoped to succeed. The day I was twenty-one I bought Cruden's Condensed Concordance of the Bible, paying all I had, \$1.50, for it. That was fifty years ago, and I look upon it to-day with tenderness, for it was the first book of my splendid library on which I am carrying an insurance policy of \$1000 now.

I employed all of my spare time in studying the best works I could secure on Theological subjects and histories, ancient and modern, with the ministry in view, doing all I could to educate myself. I carefully scrutinized the language of the best writers, orators and preachers. I heard Beecher, Talmage, Bishop Simpson, Dr. Dunn, Day, Moody, Joseph Cook, A. B. Earle, etc., and later Spurgeon, Canon Farrar and Joseph

Parker, of London, England, and all of the time searching the Scriptures. I can see now that while my progress was laborious, it was rapid and sure.

At twenty-two years of age I was married to Miss Ellen H. Dow, daughter of John and Sally Horton Dow, of Illinois, a very talented and consecrated Christian lady, who shared with me the privations, struggles, labors and triumphs of my career for twenty-five years, and then was called up higher to her eternal reward in Heaven. But she tarried long enough to witness my complete victory over my early surroundings and to know that I took my place and was reckoned with our most successful clergymen.

In 1861 the ominous war cloud hovered over the United States, and soon the fearful calamity of carnage and bloody strife was upon us. On the 7th day of August, 1862, I enlisted as a soldier for three years, or during the war, with Company C, 105th Illinois Volunteer Infantry, and was mustered into the United States service September 2, 1862.

I shared the common lot of a soldier, with its hardships and privations and duties. On one forced march we lost nearly one-third of the regiment of 1000 men. I was always with my com-

pany and ready for duty day or night until April 25th, 1864, when I was very sick and obliged to go to a hospital, May 2d, at Chattanooga, Tenn. When able to be moved, was put in a cattle car and sent to Hospital No. 8, Nashville, Tenn. When able to walk, I volunteered to do the duties of a nurse and helped care for the sick and wounded soldiers. I was called upon to hold men for all kinds of surgical operations, such as probing wounds to remove bullets, amputating arms, legs, etc., and lay out dead men, preparing them for burial.

I made every effort I could to cheer the poor boys, read to them and wrote letters to their friends, and if very weak read the answers to them. After six weeks of nursing the Doctor said the strain was too great for me, as I was not improving as I should. So he put me on detached duty in the commissary department as a clerk, where I remained until the close of the war and was honorably discharged May 18th, 1865. Then still feeble in health I returned to Illinois and joined my faithful wife, who could scarcely realize I was home to stay until she saw my discharge papers.

I bought a small house and lot in Courtland, Ill., where we lived until March 8th, 1866; then sold

out and moved to Hillsdale, Michigan, where we entered Hillsdale College to prepare for the ministry. I received a very hearty welcome by both faculty and students. A new world opened before me; and long cherished desires seemed about to be realized; and slumbering ambition began to assert itself, for I soon caught the spirit of the institution and worked with a will to succeed. I felt I was cut loose from the world and was committed to the best cause in the universe, with experienced, capable teachers to give the instruction I greatly needed. My instructors were President E. B. Fairfield, Professor H. E. Whipple, Dr. R. Dunn, Professor Collier, Professor Fowler, Professor McMillan, and others of blessed memory. It falls to the lot of very few students to be taught by a more brilliant corps of teachers, for the college ranked next to the University of Ann Arbor in the State. Also I was greatly benefited by the influence of those students who have since become famous for ability and achievement, such as Judge Moses A. Luce, Professor John Downey, Henry McKee, John Van Fleet, William M. Carleton, George R. Holt, Elmer Atkinson, Professor John S. Copp, Miss Dora Copp, Julia A. Benedict, Emily Benedict, Elon G. Reynolds, Ella Wade, Washington

Gardner (Congressman), Senator A. J. Hopkins, Russel Tibbetts, Dalas D. Tibbetts, Rev. George H. Knapp and others, whose silent influence encouraged me greatly, and stimulated me to follow their example as good, faithful students. I did not consider myself a first-class student, though a hard worker, but was pleased to find I stood well in my classes. The marking by the teacher at recitations was from 1 to 7, the latter being perfect. My general average was 6 to 6½ at the close of each term. I never failed to pass in examinations. My relations with teachers and students were always pleasant and cordial. Also with the faculty.

Desiring to reduce to practice what I learned, I secured two appointments to preach in school-houses six to twelve miles away. With much anxiety and many misgivings, coupled with earnest prayer, I entered upon the work and was surprised to notice how well and kindly I was received by the people. The first pay I got on salary was six dozen fresh eggs.

Desiring to learn as fast as possible the art of public speaking, I joined the Literary Theological Society and was expected to write and deliver orations, read essays, recite declamations, and debate questions assigned me by a committee, for

criticism by a competent critic, and be fined \$1.00 if I failed to respond. I never failed, for I joined for the discipline and experience it would afford me. I was appointed to sing in the entertainments each Monday evening with the best bass singer in Hillsdale, D. D. Tibbets, of Iowa. My part was to sing either treble or tenor, as required, and I was soon complimented for having the best tenor voice in the city and was often the recipient of lovely bouquets of flowers.

I soon developed a great love and adaptability for debate. There were generally two on each side—affirmative and negative—the contest was decided by the President, who took notes and summed up according to the arguments, and at the close would announce his decision. We were obliged to discuss a question if we were on the side we did not believe. In such cases I would not say I believed it, and leave my opponents to beat me if they could. On one occasion the subject was, "*Resolved*, That there is probation after death." I was appointed chief speaker on the affirmative. There was much speculation as to what course I would pursue, as all knew I did not believe it at all. I wanted the discipline so made careful preparation, leaving the Bible untouched.



I decided to argue in an interrogative manner on philosophical and technical grounds, which I did; but my opponents could not meet me. So, seeing the question would be decided in my favor, I wished to set myself right before a fine audience and in closing said, "I have a right to the question and claim it, notwithstanding I do not believe one word of it," and left the rostrum. Pandemonium broke loose and I received a regular ovation. I never lost but one question in three years. At the close of the debate a fine young man who sympathized with the doctrine of universal salvation, came to me and said: "You have produced arguments you cannot meet." I replied: "If I can have the other side I will argue this question with any student in this college, yourself not excepted, and be glad of the chance"; but he did not accept the challenge. My main desire in all I did in this society was to gain complete mastery over myself, to be able to say just what I wanted to say, and how to develop an easy, commanding, graceful manner, and flow of language, and to this end directed all my energies; and so well did I succeed that in giving an oration in a prize contest I was marked 7 in manner and gesture, and soon after was elected president of the society.

March 3d, 1867, I began holding a series of

revival meetings six miles north of Hillsdale, to last through a vacation. This was my first effort in this line of labor for the Master. As a result about fifty were converted and a church was formed and I was chosen its pastor.

A request was sent to the quarterly meeting for my ordination, resulting in the appointment of a council, consisting of Dr. R. Dunn, Professor H. E. Whipple and Rev. D. L. Rice, all of Hillsdale, who examined me and reported favorably. So, accordingly, I was ordained to the Gospel ministry, April 21st, 1867, Professor H. E. Whipple preaching the sermon, Professor Fowler offering prayer, Rev. C. Reynolds extending the hand of fellowship. From that memorable day I have been counted with the clergymen of the Free Will Baptist denomination and have shared largely in its struggles and glorious triumphs. Sixteen months after I went to Hillsdale to attend school, I returned to Illinois with my wife to visit her parents and many of my own friends, and the officers of the M. E. Church of Courtland courteously tendered me the use of their pulpit two Sundays, which I accepted. The first one the house was filled to the doors, and the second the house was not only filled, but the windows were opened and people sat in their carriages and



stood outside, so all could hear the Word of God. This welcome by my old neighbors deeply touched me and strengthened my purpose to prove myself worthy of the honor they paid me.

Very soon I was waited upon by a committee representing the citizens and business men of the town, which offered me the largest salary that had ever been paid to a clergyman there, if I would preach there every Sunday. As I was still in school of course I respectfully declined, but felt grateful for their good will and best wishes. I wish to say here that Mrs. Linderman not only attended the school with me, and made a wonderful record as a student, but stood by me in every effort I made to improve all opportunities for educational advantages and to become the best preacher of which I was capable. No sacrifice was ever too great for her to make to help me. All honor to her name and much of my success is due to her untiring efforts and influence.

April 1st, 1869, I accepted a call to the Rome and Cambridge churches in Lenawee County, Mich., and reluctantly left the college. These churches were four and one-half miles apart. I was to have \$600 the first year, but received nearer \$800 than \$600, as promised. From the

very beginning the blessing of God rested upon our labors. Congregations rapidly increased, conversions multiplied, Sunday Schools flourished, and prayer meetings and spiritual interests grandly sustained. At Rome a good new parsonage was built and paid for, and the church was repaired and painted outside; also painted and papered inside.

At Cambridge the church was owned by the Free Baptists and Wesleyan Methodists together. We bought their share, paid for it, repaired it and painted the church outside and inside, built a long string of good new horse sheds and put the property in a splendid condition.

In the four blessed years we were there I conducted two series of revival meetings in each church, resulting in more than 150 additions to the churches, and left them strong and prosperous.

April 1st, 1873. Accepted a call from the church at Paw Paw, Michigan; \$800 a year. Shipped goods by railroad, my wife went on the cars, and I drove a lively pair of matched four-year-old colts across the country; distance, 100 miles.

I found the church greatly weakened and services suspended for over six months on account of

differences of opinion regarding a pastor having been dismissed by vote of majority.

The division affected fully one-third, if not one-half, of the members; the Sunday School all dead, with the children merged into other schools and prayer meeting almost abandoned.

The reliable members rallied and God blessed the church in a marvelous manner. During the five following years we were blessed with four precious revivals. Most of the disaffected members returned and took up their walk with the church, and more than 200 members were added to it—a success which no other pastor of any denomination ever enjoyed in the town before or since.

April 1st, 1878. Accepted a call from a new church at Grand Ledge, Eaton County, Michigan, where a fine work was done and many conversions were secured and fine additions made to the church. My wife was very sick there and we stayed only two years.

I omitted saying that in the five years I was pastor at Paw Paw, I solemnized sixty-six marriages and received, above salary, for weddings, funerals and lectures, \$500. May 1st, 1880, I accepted a call to the church in Phoenix, Oswego County, New York. This church had a nice new

brick house of worship, but a mortgage on it of \$1,600. I was pastor there four years. Every dollar of the debt was paid, every seat was nicely cushioned at a cost of over \$300, and a new organ was bought for the church, and through precious revivals I was permitted to conduct, about 150 were added to their number. When we closed our labors there the church was free from debt. In May, 1884, I accepted a call to the church at Lake View, Susquehanna County, Pa. This church was suffering from the influence of a very unwise preacher and badly divided, as many of its members had absented themselves for five years. Within six months a thorough reconciliation was effected and all of those who had absented themselves for years returned and resumed their efforts to build up the cause of Christ in the dear old church home. In September I conducted a series of revival meetings, which resulted in many conversions and adding about fifty to the church. We also built a nice addition to the parsonage and painted the church and paid every dollar for improvements.

It was while at this place my wife was taken dangerously ill with chronic inflammation of the stomach, and after suffering terribly for thirteen weeks died.

Only those who have passed through such a bereavement can realize my loss, or sympathize with one left among comparative strangers, as we had no children, all alone. All that the kind people could do they did do, and the whole church in a body sat as mourners at the funeral, and we gently laid her away in the silent resting place appointed for all living, with the sweet thought in the heart we will meet you again where none will ever say, I am sick. I looked for help to Him who said, "I will never leave or forsake you," and he fulfilled His promise. Instead of repining and being discouraged because of my irreparable loss I kept right on doing the best work I could for the church and unsaved men.

April 15th, 1886, I left New York City on the White Star line steamer *Adriatic* for a trip in the Old World.

My traveling companions were Dr. J. W. Craig, of Churchville, N. Y., and Rev. T. H. Griffith, of the same place. We steamed out into the North River and made for the ocean amid the din of blowing whistles, ringing of bells, the shouting of the people, while handkerchiefs were waved by those on board and those on the dock. Strange and tender emotions filled my mind as I watched my native land fade out of sight. As

soon as we were fairly launched upon the sea and felt the tremulous motion of the great ship as the waves arose and fell, it was plain to see that many men and women were sea sick, a terrible experience which I escaped. Our accommodations were good and food well cooked and served in abundance. To be sure of proper attention on our voyage we tipped the steward liberally and never lacked for oranges or anything else which he could supply. On the fourth day out we saw two monstrous whales, who seemed to be enjoying a frolic by spouting water and gamboling in great glee. Finally, when a storm began to play with the vessel as a child with a toy, I recalled a description of a storm on the sea by Dr. Talmage in noticing how the people resorted to prayer, said: "I tell you, men will pray straight to the mark, with a cyclone overhead, the ocean beneath them, and eternity so near you can feel its breath on your cheek."

As nothing can be seen but sky and water, objects of sublimity and awful grandeur, if one desires to get a faint idea of Almighty Power let him take careful survey of such surroundings; then wonder and adore.

Early in the morning, April 25th, we were awakened by the loud cry, land ahead, and hastily



appearing on deck and by the use of a spy glass the dim outline of the Irish coast could be faintly seen. After four hours of fast time made by the ocean greyhound, we dropped anchor in the Bay of Queenstown, one of the most beautiful harbors in the world.

We visited Ireland, Wales, England, Holland, Belgium, Prussia, France, Germany, Switzerland and Italy. My impression of Ireland was very pleasing and favorable. Cork is a fine city, with many nice churches and cathedrals, and rather a clean and enterprising town; but everywhere, beggars, old and young, clamored for money. Little girls, fantastically dressed to represent an angel, carrying a plate or little basket, urged their claims with a zeal worthy of a better cause. A well dressed oldish man asked me to help him, and all seemed to be perfectly at home in their line of effort. Near the beautiful lakes of Killarney is an estate of 1500 acres owned by the Earl of Kenmere, with a fine forest reserve where game of different species roamed and throve at will. Smooth gravel walks and driveways led in every direction, making the impression that no skill or labor had been spared to render the place enchanting. Broad, well kept fields surrounded a palatial residence, all indicating wealth, ease,

and refinement. Only a short distance from this great estate we visited the ruins of an old monastery called Agadoe. Near it was a burial ground, and noticing a funeral procession approaching a place where men were digging a grave I drew near. A coffin made of rough lumber lay on the ground containing the remains of a young lady, while the mourners waited for the grave to be dug. Noticing a pile of bones which the workmen threw out, I asked: "Are these human bones?" pointing to them; and one of the men said: "Yes, sir; we are in great straits in Ireland; we are so poor we have to bury our dead on the dead; three times to my personal knowledge has this grave been filled. When we find any bones we put them in a pile as you see, sir, and when the coffin is lowered we put them back again and cover them up again, sir. We are in great straits in Ireland." I sadly turned away, believing every word he uttered.

On the way back to the hotel in Killarney we passed by a hovel made of stone, with a thatched roof made of straw, very low and poor; two goats were feeding near by in the yard. These goats furnished milk for a family of four living there. A lady appeared in the doorway, and as I saw her I told the driver to stop, and with much spirit he



asked why. "I am going in there," I replied. He said: "Don't go in there, it is no place for a gentleman." I said: "If it is a fit place for a lady it is certainly a proper place for a gentleman." I was received very kindly, but the lady did not ask me to be seated. Appearances were worse inside than outside. There was no floor, only mother earth; an open fire place occupied one side of the room. There were two excuses for chairs. A barrel with a kneading board on it served as a table. In one corner were two small coops, one for hens and the other for geese; and close by a little stall for the two goats. In a dark corner behind the door was an old lounge with some rags on it serving as a bed, and on it lay a feeble old lady. My hostess said, "This is my old mother, eighty-four years of age; she is sick." A sweet little girl of ten summers leaned up close to her mother, gently crying. The lady said: "Don't cry, deary; don't be afraid, the gentleman won't hurt you." I said: "No, little girl, you need not fear me," and slipping some money into her hand and also into the hand of the mother, I bowed myself out of the presence of a lady worthy of a better destiny. A ride of six hours on a fast train through a changing country, some rich, some poor, brought us to Dublin, one of

the finest, largest cities in Ireland. Fine imposing monuments erected in memory of great statesmen and soldiers were to be seen on the principal streets. Trinity College is situated here, and many fine buildings, public and private, are an ornament to the city. We rode in Phoenix Park and saw the spot where Lord Cavendish, also Burke, were shot dead in cold blood. A herd of nearly fifty deer were feeding peacefully near the spot, wholly unconscious of the fearful crime which had deprived two good men of their lives. I left Ireland with the wish in my heart that the day would soon dawn when her last oppressor would vanish from the earth. Wales is a very nice country. The houses are not large, but well built of stone. Fine lawns and lovely flower beds give an air of taste and refinement, and even luxury, to the home. Thrift is a rule among the farmers and cattle raisers, as they have an excellent market near by in the great city of London for all they can raise in every line of industry.

One noticeable feature is very pronounced, the church and schoolhouse close together, which mean religion and education, God's method of development in the highest degree. Our route for a long time was skirted by the thundering old Atlantic Ocean on the left and the farming land-

scape on the right, broken now and then by a lofty mountain peak, lending grandeur to the enchanting scene. It was on this trip on our way into England that Rev. Griffith and myself were reminded of a boast of Dr. Craig—that no living man could steal his gold watch from his vest pocket—by the state of profound slumber into which the Doctor had fallen. I winked to the passengers to keep still while the watch and chain were carefully removed from the pocket and hidden under a seat cushion. After an hour or more the Doctor aroused himself and asked how long have I been asleep, and I said over an hour. He could hardly realize he had slept so long and reached for his time-piece. He felt in every pocket he had, jumped up and whirled around several times, grew red in the face and was one of the most badly frightened men I ever saw.

Someone laughed and that told the story. He laid the theft to Griffith, and he, pointing to me, said he told me to do it. "Yes," I said, "if either of you do anything of which you are ashamed lay it to me."

After a good laugh all around, we waked up to the fact that we were in the Mother Country, good old England. And soon an indescribable gladness thrilled me completely, as I saw in the

distance the church spires and towers of London, the largest city in the world.

With astonishing speed the train entered the city, and finally stopped at the great Houstan terminal, a very large depot. We were met by Dr. Craig's daughter and her husband, Mr. Buckley, who were studying hospital methods as a preparation for missionary work in Turkey, who conducted us to Brooks Hotel, where rooms had been engaged for us. My first impression of London was that of vastness, and the second was that of soot and fog. It is very seldom the case that the atmosphere is clear and bright. The streets are broad and generally well paved and clean. The houses are well built, but not imposing. Of course there are immense business blocks and public buildings; and these are an exception.

The River Thames (Tems) runs through the city and is spanned by the celebrated London bridge and others made of stone, so solid that heavy vehicles are drawn across over them rapidly without any perceptible trembling. Great double decked omnibusses, drawn by two heavy horses, go tearing through the streets in every direction, carrying passengers to any and every part of the city. They are as dangerous to pedestrians on

the streets as automobiles are in the city of New York, and will run over any person who may be in the way. The driver may yell, "Look out, there!" but make no effort to check the speed of his team. Two-wheeled cabs, drawn by one horse are everywhere in evidence and the polite driver for a reasonable fare will take passengers any place they desire.

The underground railroad is a marvellous system of convenience and usually of safety. Trains run with great regularity only a few minutes apart, and if one is missed another soon appears. Wide, easy steps lead down to the stations from the street, where well lighted platforms make it easy to get on or off of the cars. The places for sight seeing are very numerous and some of absorbing interest.

The London Museum presents a panorama of curiosities from all over the world. Among the striking objects demanding attention was the Rosetta Stone, discovered by Napoleon I in Egypt, which gave a key to the hieroglyphics on stones and monuments of Egypt, which has been a matter of very much speculation and mystery for ages. By reading the Greek on the stone and comparing certain characters of the hieroglyphics the mystery was solved.

The second oldest manuscript of the Bible is there. The Library is immense, contains 15,000,000 volumes, and its shelf room measures sixteen miles in length.

The National Art Gallery contains many very fine paintings. One of a lamb that from an overhanging rock had fallen into the sea and a grand large shepherd dog was jumping into the water to rescue it.

Another revealed a fine dog with the utmost grief depicted on his face, with drooping head, sitting by a hat, a pair of boots and spurs worn by a soldier, and a saddle and bridle—all that was left of the rider and horse dear to him.

At the Tower or Prison of London I saw a glass cabinet containing the crown jewels of the British Empire, valued at £15,000,000.

Saw the block where criminals were killed and the ax by which they were beheaded. Also in the yard a tablet with the inscription: "On this spot Anne Boleyn and Lady Jane Gray were beheaded in the sixteenth century. This was done by order of Henry VIII." I am glad the days of such butchery are over, banished by the Gospel of peace. The House of Parliament is a fine building; but situated on level ground, it bears



no favorable comparison with the Capitol Building at Washington, in America.

The Crystal Palace is very large and beautiful, made of glass, of an arch shape, with alcoves and niches for statues and all exhibitions of art of every kind. In the center is an orchestra and a large auditorium, where celebrated singers furnish music on great occasions. The Royal Exchange or Bank of England is known as probably the greatest mart of trade on the earth. Over the entrance is a great arch with fine large gilt letters, reading: "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." Psalm 24:1. It is no wonder that England is great, for God has said: "They that honor me I will honor," and this has been demonstrated through all ages.

Went to the London Tabernacle to hear Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon. The church has an iron fence in front, and all who enter must first pass through a gate which is opened by an attendant. No one can enter until a contribution has been deposited in a box, as none is taken in the church. From what I saw I believe a low estimate of ten cents each was contributed, and as there were 7000 people, at least, that means \$700. Entering the vast auditorium we were taken to the first gallery and given a seat close by the wall. Then,

as the time arrived to begin the service, if seat owners were not in their places, they were filled by others. We were given a place where everything could be seen and heard. A door opened in the further end of the nave and 400 boys about fourteen years old, dressed neatly in gray uniforms, marched to a platform in front of the pulpit and quietly were seated. I was astonished to learn that those splendid, bright looking boys were children which had been picked up in the slums of London, gathered into an orphanage supported by the church, cared for, educated and Christianized; and when developed into manhood were sent to all parts of the world as preachers, teachers and missionaries, or useful private citizens, showing that proper teaching and training will overcome all obstacles of early surroundings. I will never forget the impression that was stamped upon my mind by the sight of those boys and the blessed result of Christ-like effort. A door back of the rostrum silently opened and one of the greatest pulpit orators of the ages appeared, the great Spurgeon. As he took his seat a man stepped to the front of the platform and waved his hand for all to arise and sing. He beat the time and led the singing without an



organ. All seemed to sing with an inspiration of love, and the volume of voices arose with irresistible power like a billow of the sea. The reverence Spurgeon showed for the Bible as he stood to read was very impressive. His voice was musical, full, clear and pleasing, and so distinct that all could hear every word and syllable perfectly. When he prayed he appeared to simply talk to and with God. The text was II Kings vii, 3-4. He said the leprous men made a wise choice to enter the Syrian camp, but when they arrived there no enemy appeared, as all had fled. They found a great dinner, or food in plenty; but nobody to eat it. The application was very simple and forceful. When a sinner leaves all to follow Christ "He maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him," and when he is willing to meet the enemy of his soul, he is not there, and, the way is plain and safe. In coming to the Saviour, the poor sinner is perishing for the bread of eternal life and when he embraces him his hunger is perfectly met and satisfied, "for there is a fulness in God's mercy like the fulness of the sea." The service came to a close, like all earthly blessings, and I had the great pleasure of clasping his hand in friendly

greeting, and leaving the presence of that wonderful man of God; I felt the enrichment of a benediction I will never outgrow.

At 3 P. M. of the same day I listened to a masterly sermon by Canon Frederick Farrar, in Westminster Abbey of the Church of England, which is Episcopalian. This church is old, but fills a place of importance occupied by no other in the Empire, as Kings and Queens have been married there; and have also been buried there in a great mausoleum built at immense cost under the same roof. At once I recognized in the preacher the profound scholar and author of Farrar's "Life of Christ," and also Farrar's "Pictorial Life of Christ," books of great value in the literary world.

At 7 P. M. of same day I listened to Rev. Joseph Parker, of the London City Temple, who was thought by some to be the equal of Spurgeon as a pulpit orator. That I was thrilled with his masterly presentation of the truth I am glad to confess. His broad knowledge of the Bible, of men and things, appealed to my deepest consciousness of human ability and power. Yet his voice lacked the mellow music of that of Spurgeon's, and the subtle persuasiveness of manner for which he was celebrated throughout the civi-

lized world. Mr. Parker is the author of "Parker's People's Bible," a masterly and very valuable work, containing twenty-five volumes, of which I am a thankful possessor. At the close of this memorable day of opportunity and blessing, the most wonderful of my life, for I heard in one day the three greatest preachers of Europe, I retired to peaceful rest for the night, fully persuaded that of these three great preachers, Charles H. Spurgeon stood first.

The next day I went to visit City Roads Chapel, where John and Charles Wesley labored. Also they are buried there. I stood in the same pulpit and sat in the same old chair occupied by John Wesley for the last time over 100 years ago. Close by the side of the grave of the latter is that of Adam Clark, the renowned commentator of the Holy Bible, whose usefulness can only be known in eternity. I own the whole set of invaluable books, and owe much of the success of my ministry to their influence.

Just across the street is a burial ground, in which are the remains of Dr. Watts, the sacred poet; John Bunyan, author of "Pilgrim's Progress," who died August 31st, 1688, and Daniel Defoe, author of "Robinson Crusoe," who died in 1731.

My reflections, among the graves of these eminent men and great benefactors of mankind, were tender and full of gratitude. I visited St. Paul's Cathedral, claimed to be the most imposing looking church in London, and if size counts, it is. From the dome I had a fine view of the whole city. In this church are many fine sculptured figures representing great men and events. The library contains over 9000 volumes of valuable books. This cathedral is an ornament to the city. Visited Windsor Castle, twenty-five miles away, country level and fine. Queen Victoria was absent, visiting Scotland. The Castle is on a hill commanding a very fine view for twenty miles around, and is very large, built of stone, with parapets and high towers for defense. A lovely park with regular rows of large trees and graveled walks on the north and east sides stretch away nearly a mile. We were admitted to the Palace by liveried servants dressed in uniform to rooms pertaining to business of state, reception rooms, and banqueting halls and the Throne room. All were richly furnished and nice. One thing I noticed was that in every room we entered the door was quietly locked behind us, so we were practically prisoners, and on leaving any room the door in front was unlocked.

My private thought was it was not wise to carry the thing very far with me, for the mightiest government on earth stood behind me, and the right of freedom was secure to me no matter where I might be. I learned afterwards that an attempt had been made by a crank not long before to shoot the Queen, and locking the door was a wise precaution. Near by is Saint George's Chapel, where the Queen worships, and is very plain outside and within, yet tasty and pleasant. I visited the stables where the Queen's horses were kept, and found about seventy-five as fine animals as England could raise, and the marvelous attention and care they received was four hundred times better than some of her suffering Irish subjects—men, women and children—were getting. I felt glad that I belonged to a government where such oppression was not tolerated, but is too common in Ireland.

April 30th, 1886. Left London for Paris, France. Took a steamer at Dover and crossed the English Channel to Calais. The passage was very stormy, with accommodations poor. For two hours we suffered from cold, wet with spray, while many were awfully seasick, Dr. Craig among them. The sailors put rubber coats on us, and collected twenty-five cents each

for the use of them. We paid and landed, glad of the opportunity to leave the English Channel behind us. A good train carried us 200 miles through a fairly good, level country, well tilled, to Paris, which we reached at 6 P. M. A genteel young man asked us where we wished to go, and we told him to the London and New York Hotel. He said he was going right there and would gladly show us the way. He proved to be a competent guide and showed us all over the city afterwards. Arriving at the fine hotel, we registered and the polite clerk, pointing to a handsome young French lady, said: "Follow her." She grabbed our three heavy handbags and led us a merry chase up two flights of stairs, and left them in our rooms, and with a pleasant smile bowed herself out and was gone.

I believe Paris fully maintains her reputation of being the finest city in the world. Our first visit was to the Grand Opera House, not to see the play, for every seat was taken, but the house itself, as the best of its kind anywhere. Spacious, rich in every appointment, with wonderful decorations and stage scenery, it is a difficult matter to see where it could be improved upon. The public square in the very heart of the city is indescribably fine, covering several acres in extent,



with large fountains sending clear streams of water forty or fifty feet into the air, while the rays of the sun seemed to transform them into crystals of dazzling beauty. A tall Egyptian monument over eighty feet high, of one stone, stood near the entrance covered from the base to the top with hieroglyphics or figures of Egyptian characters or history. Near by was the spot where a guillotine was situated, where large numbers of people, both men and women, were beheaded by order of reigning tyrants. Am thankful those days of human butchery are over. Leading to the right is a wonderful boulevard extending a mile or more to the Arch Triumphant. The street proper is very wide, perfectly paved, with lovely rows of trees on either side; then a narrow street on the left and right for horseback riding, and still another for a sidewalk for pedestrians. All of these highways combined were lined with shade trees; also flower beds, full of bloom and beauty, lent their fragrance to the enchanting scene. Houses along the way were among the very best in Paris. The Arch Triumphant is a large stone structure with arches running North and South about two hundred feet high, and was built in honor of Napoleon Bonaparte to celebrate his victories in war. From this

arch eleven principal streets branch out through the whole city, one of them leading to the park where the great race course of France is situated.

The Louvre is one of the largest and richest art galleries of Europe. The great hall is lined on either side with a bewildering display of art paintings and sculptured work of the old masters. There is so much to see and enjoy that time glides away unnoted and weariness suggests it is time to depart. The Church of the Invalids is where the remains of the great Napoleon rest in a wonderful mausoleum of red granite, fifteen feet long, ten high, and eight broad. As I viewed the last resting place of this great man, I recalled some of his deeds of daring and valor. Also what the poet said of him:

“Yet, Spirit Immortal, the grave cannot bind thee;  
But like thine own eagle that soars to the sun,  
Thou springest from bondage and leavest behind thee

A name that no mortal before thee has won.”

The Pantheon, church of all gods, is a very imposing edifice, with a high, large dome. It is not only used for great gatherings of the people on special occasions, but it is also used as a burial place, for in the basement mausoleums of fine



workmanship have been put in place for the reception of the remains of the great and noble, who have finished their earthly career. Victor Hugo is entombed here. Also Voltaire, the infidel writer and blasphemer.

Visited a large building called the soap factory, where carpets are woven of the finest and most costly texture. Also pictures of men and horses, or other animals were woven of the finest silk. I saw one of a man of full size about half done, and the weaver had worked on it over a year steadily, I was told.

The Muse De Cluney contained over 10,000 relics, consisting of dishes, furniture, weapons of war, jewelry, musical instruments of great variety. Chariots and sleighs used by Kings and Queens. The omnibuses constantly in use, were large double-decked vehicles drawn by three very large fine horses abreast. These buses were larger than any I saw in any other city on the continent.

May 3d, 1886. We left this wonderful city of gayety and pleasure, of beauty and sin, with some sad and many feelings of pleasure and kind recollections. We took a night train for Geneva, Switzerland, and arrived at 9 A. M. May 4th, Went to Grand Hotel National. This fine city is celebrated for Swiss watches and jewelry

manufactured here. Also the church where John Calvin preached 400 years ago. I sat in the old arm chair he used to occupy. Lake Geneva is close to the town, and is a large and beautiful body of water. We got our first fine view of the Alps. Old Mont Blanc, in awful grandeur, sixty miles away, with a crown of perpetual snow, looked down upon us from the clouds. The hotel was among the best and our impression of the city and its prosperous people was very favorable indeed. May 5th. Left for Turin, Italy. Our route presented beautiful and rugged scenery. On the left rocky boulders and broken landscape of hill and dale, and on the right some high mountain cliffs. High up on a large rock we saw a cross glistening in the sunlight, and reverently my heart said, "Emblem of suffering, of triumph, of glory, and of Christ."

One peculiarity of snow-capped mountains is that when first seen, appear to be near; yet for miles and miles seem to recede the closer you draw to them, until at last they stand forth in startling grandeur. One very lofty peak covered with eternal snow, I noticed with the rays of the sun beating on the ice and snow, sent up a mist which formed in a white fleecy cloud, delicate as tapestry, and seemed to me to be a curtain held

by the hand of God, lest the eyes of the traveler might try to penetrate too near the city of the great King. In the valley was life, verdure, flowers, beauty, birds and song. The glory of summer smiled on all below, while stern, everlasting winter reigned among the clouds. Trees, no matter how steep the hillside, point up straight towards the sky. Women drive oxen and plow the same as men. Cows are used in a yoke, as oxen. Horses are small but fine. Women are swarthy and homely. Paths leading up the mountain side are built on a zig-zag plan, to the right twelve or fifteen rods, then an abrupt turn to the left the same distance, then to the right, and so on. Some farms are cultivated nearly up to the snow line, about 8000 feet. I saw a young girl shepherdess among the crags, accompanied by a fine shepherd dog, tending her flock of sheep. We passed by a grand cascade, the water tumbling in wild confusion down the mountain side, and hurried away in a silvery stream. We passed through Mont Cenis (Cene) tunnel under the Alps seven and a half miles long. It took twenty-five minutes to go through. This wonderful tunnel is a triumph of engineering skill. Every available acre of tillable land was utilized and cultivated with scrupulous care.

Vineyards of grapes, also other fruits grew in abundance far up the mountain slopes.

In leaving one country and entering another we had to have our baggage examined by the Customs officials. So at Modan we were detained long enough for this purpose, but in our case was but a mere formality. We then left Switzerland and entered Italy. At 6:30 P. M. reached Turin, a fine city of 265,000 people. In the year 200 Before Christ, the great Greek general, Hannibal, marched his forces to this city and took it. We went to Hotel Trombetta and found a good home for the stranger. May 6th, 1886, took a carriage ride, visiting the principal places of interest. Crossed the River Po on a high bridge. The native Italian women in large numbers were washing clothes. They lined the bank of the river for some distance and worked with an energy sure of success. A smooth board four or five feet long and fourteen inches wide was pushed into the water and the women knelt on the gravel and rubbed the clothes on the board in the usual way, and threshing the fabric up and down in a violent manner. A Jewish Synagogue with spire 354 feet high was begun by the Jews, but sold to and finished by the city. The Royal Palace, occupied a part of the time

by the King and Queen of Italy, is a large plain stone building, viewed from the outside; but enter and magnificence is seen on every side. Reception rooms of every description in matters of State beggars adequate portrayal. Ceilings are covered with gilt work, or costly paintings of the highest art. In center of rooms hang chandeliers eight feet long and five wide, with pendants of cut glass and lighted by large candles. In one great dancing hall there were eight of such chandeliers. The dining room was exceptionally fine, the table was twenty-five feet long and ten broad. Bedroom was wonderful, silk coverings and curtains of every device possible for comfort and elegance. Of all the rooms in this luxurious abode of Royalty, the place of secret prayer impressed me most. It was small, but well furnished; a low cushioned ottoman was close beside a stand, covered with a rich cloth, on which lay a neat small Bible. Here Queen Marguerite, turning from all of the allurements of wealth and position, sought retirement where she could hold communion with God. When, afterwards, I saw this lovely Queen in Rome riding in State in the park, I doffed my hat to her with pleasure, knowing she sought consolation in Christ which this world cannot give. In the

Arsenal we saw swords, spears, lances, guns, bayonets and all kinds of armor as weapons of warfare and protection, which had been used in preceding ages. In a fine public square is a very imposing monument built of rough rocks and stones to commemorate the completion of the Mont Cenis tunnel. These rocks and stones were blasted from the solid rock of the tunnel. No monument could be more appropriate to declare to future generations an achievement so momentous. On a high hill overlooking the whole city and surrounding country we took a position commanding a panoramic view of this interesting old city, and gigantic mountains in the distance, and reluctantly said good-bye. At 2:30 P. M. left for Genoa. Most of the distance the country was comparatively level and good farming land. But near the city it was wild and rugged. At 6:25 reached Genoa. On our way to Hotel De Laville I saw through the coach window a tall white marble monument close to the street marked Christofo Columbo, and instinctively I removed my hat in veneration of the name of the man who discovered America. This monument was erected by his grateful countrymen to perpetuate to generations yet to be, the undying fame of this wonderful man. The thrill of gladness I



felt can never be forgotten while my memory endures.

Genoa is situated on the Mediterranean Sea, and commands a fine view of the harbor. The sight of this great body of water glistening in the rays of the setting sun awakened in me strange emotions and hallowed memories. St. Paul rode upon its waves and was shipwrecked in a storm on that sea. Jonah was swallowed by a great fish in this ocean and converted his place of concealment and confinement into a room of penitence and prayer. He said: "I cried by reason of my affliction unto the Lord, and He heard me. Out of the belly of hell, cried I, and Thou heardest my voice." Jonah ii, 2. The noise and tumult of the sea cannot drown the effect of prayer. God hears the cry of His children, no matter where they may be. There are several fine cathedrals and churches here and many objects of interest. The streets are quite narrow and crooked. Bluffs are high, overlooking the sea.

Went to the Campasanto, or burial place of the dead. A high wall encloses a large area of level ground, laid out beautifully with fine gravel walks and lovely beds of flowers in full bloom. Entrance is through an archway, and turning

to the right a broad marble walk stretches away twenty rods or more. A roof covers this walk, sustained by a wall on the right and a row of marble columns on the left. An abrupt turn to the left, for twenty rods, then another encircled the square, ending in a fine circular brick building surmounted by a large dome, called the whispering gallery. A soft whisper uttered on the floor would return with startling distinctness. In this building many fine paintings and pieces of sculptured work were kept. To show how perfect some of them were I paused at the figure of a child weeping over the grave of his mother, and in an instant my eyes filled with sympathetic tears induced by the marble mourner. In one place of the grounds, called the most sacred, earth from Jerusalem has been brought in sufficient quantities in which to bury the highly honored dead. The beautiful walk, of which I have spoken, was made of marble slabs, and on them were chiseled letters of days of birth and death of the dreamless sleepers underneath. And I soon realized that I was walking over the graves of the dead. Sad, yet pleasant, will be our memories of Genoa.

At 1:10 P. M. left for Pisa. Tunnels were frequent, and some of them long. On this trip



we had our first view of a lemon grove; fruit had grown all winter. Reached Pisa at 6 P. M., finding a nice clean city, but not very large. My first visit took me to the leaning Tower. I had read and studied about it, but was not prepared to appreciate this wonder of the world. A magnificent structure of pure white marble, eight square. Eighty feet in diameter at the base and forty at the top, and one hundred and seventy-two high, and leaning thirteen feet from a perpendicular line, towards the South. There are seven stories in the structure; each one has a door leading from an inside spiral stairway at every floor to a balcony outside. About five feet from the wall a row of marble columns fifteen inches in diameter extends clear around, numbering sixteen at the base and some less at the top, with a balustrade three feet high attached to the columns as a protection to the sightseer. I walked clear around at every landing, but was sure to hug the wall every time on the leaning side for fear I would tip the thing over. At the top is a large bell, and a man was ringing it as if his life depended on the vigor with which he did his work. From this elevated position a splendid view of the whole city lying to the South could be seen; also the nice orange and

lemon groves and grape vineyards in all of their greenness and beauty. To the East a very fertile valley smiled on the industrious tillers of the soil. On the North a great, high mountain chain of snow covered peaks towered to the clouds in all their rugged grandeur, causing me to feel that if anything can rival the Alps in beauty and sublimity of mountain scenery, it is the grand old Rocky Mountain chain in the land of the free, America. In the West, seven miles away, I could see the mighty, thundering Mediterranean Sea lying in the shimmering light of the sun of a perfect day. I saw seven large vessels moving to and fro, their white sails fanning the breeze, and I realized that that body of water could carry on her bosom the commerce of the world.

Much speculation has been indulged in regarding the reason for building the tower, and for what could it be used when completed. I find several answers to these queries. First, as a watch tower for protection against armed invaders. Second, the whole city could be seen day or night and an alarm could be given in case of a fire or any threatened calamity. Third, it was used, I am told, for astronomical observations. Galileo spent much time there studying the heavens, per-

fecting the science of astronomy. It was erected about five hundred years ago. The reason why this tower leans is a question much discussed. Our party thought it had been built leaning and urged their views strongly; but I said no, it leaned before it was finished; the foundation settled gradually, causing it to lean, and when it ceased to settle was finished. And as proof of my position I called attention to the last story, the tallest of all, that it was straight and built so, to overcome the leaning tendency. They accepted my views of the case. The reason this wonderful tower does not fall is because the line of direction falls within its base. Near the tower, in the same square, is a rare old cathedral two hundred and forty feet long and one hundred wide. From a very high ceiling a lamp is suspended by a small iron rod. One night over four hundred years ago, Galileo, while attending church service, noticed a vibration of the lamp which gave him the idea of the pendulum, out of which grew our perfected timepiece. That lamp is still there. I saw it. It is hard to fully understand how much we owe to men who lived and worked wonders long before we were born. All honor to them.

May 8th. Departed for Rome at 11:25 A. M.

On our journey we saw much very rich farming and pasture land. Large droves of horses, herds of fine cattle, and flocks of sheep were seen most of the day. The cattle are good sized, with long, graceful spreading horns. All of a dun color, seemingly white, but dirty. In a field we saw eight teams of oxen plowing, eight for each plow, making sixty-four in all. The houses where the farmers live are all in little villages. They go to their work in the morning and return at night. The only dark colored cattle we saw that day was a large herd of Indian buffalo. Our journey was a very pleasant one indeed, landscape on the left enchanting, on the right the blue waters of the sea. Just before the sun kissed us good night, the train entered a broad level plain which I recognized as the old Campagna of history, crossed by the great aqueduct, built to conduct water from the Sabine hills, twenty-nine miles distant, to the great metropolis of the Roman Empire.

Gleaming in the light of the setting sun a dazzling cross, high in the air, appeared surmounting the dome of St. Peter's Church. The train circled gracefully to the left, passed through a mighty wall and stopped; and lo, we were in Rome. Went to a good hotel, ate supper, and

Rev. Griffith and myself took a stroll. He was sure he could find the way back; but I was not so perfectly clear, as the streets were narrow and crooked. We presently found ourselves by the celebrated River Tiber. It is this stream which figures very prominently with the early history of Rome. It is said that a vestal virgin gave birth to a pair of twin sons and named them Romulus and Remus, and to hide her crime, as considered by Roman law, threw them into the river. A mother wolf found and carried them to her den and nursed them. They were soon found and rescued by a man named Henry Cotter, who reared and educated them, and Romulus became the founder of Rome. The outside world have some doubts regarding the accuracy of this statement, but certain it is the Romans believe it thoroughly, for in every conspicuous place or public square the picture or statue of a wolf beautifully painted on canvas, or sculptured in marble, or fashioned in bronze, suckling the children, can be seen. A large gray wolf is kept in a cage in a conspicuous place to show how deep is the veneration of the people for his species or kind. Turning away from this fine river we found we were lost and could not find our way back to the hotel; so I found a young man who could

speak English, who politely offered to show us the way to the hotel.

On our way he said he would be glad to answer any questions we desired to ask; so I told him of what seemed to be a kind of fruit hanging by a store in festoons of green leaves and owing to the darkness I failed to make out what it was and would be glad to know. He said they were cocoanuts or bananas. I said no, for I knew them anywhere; so the matter dropped, but the next morning I took another look at the fruit and found it to be common hog bladders, filled with lard. I was very careful after that as to what inquiries I made regarding tropical fruit.

Rome, with its wonderful history of lights and shadows, of triumphs and defeat, is probably not equaled by any other city in the world. Situated on seven hills forming the outline the city mostly lies in a beautiful basin or broad valley. There are two parts of the city, called ancient and modern. Of course the magnificent ruins, grand in their decay, are in the ancient part, which carries the mind back to the time before Christ was born, when the Roman wall was built around the city as a protection and defense. The wall is moss grown, and also many stone houses, revealing the difference of one part from the other.



May 9th, 1886. The stillness of the Sabbath morning was broken by the clanging of bells, calling the people to the places of divine worship. The streets were lined with eager throngs to take their places in the houses of prayer. We went to Saint Peter's, the largest and finest church in the world, located close by the Vatican, the home and palace of the Pope. The church covers two acres of ground, built of gray stone, surmounted by a colossal dome claimed to be the largest in existence. Climbing twenty stone steps one reaches the vestibule, and entering it by a common door, a large leather curtain hangs in front of you with a place to insert the hand to pull it open and you are inside. The curtain is intended to prevent all noise by slamming of doors and the like. A marble floor stretches away six hundred feet to the end of the great nave. A large rostrum is there on which sits a great chair, made apparently of gold, to represent the authority of Saint Peter and his influence. On the left is a life-size statue in bronze of St. Peter holding a large golden key in his hand, and on the right the same of St. Paul, with a sword in his hand, meaning to me, the Roman Catholic Church opens the door and commands all men to enter into it. The room in its widest place under the dome is

four hundred and seventeen feet wide. An altar in the center, of dazzling beauty, ninety-five feet high, supported by four bronze colored twisted marble columns, covered by a rich canopy of purple and gold cloth. Candles are kept burning on the altar all of the time. It is said the ashes of Saint Peter lie entombed beneath. Standing under the dome there are four hundred feet of air between you and the top of it. The most beautiful pictures of men and Bible characters were painted by the old masters lying on their backs, on a scaffold suspended four hundred feet from the floor, all over the dome, revealing the risk they run in order to accomplish their designs by which they made their names immortal. One astonishing effect to me was the delicate, accurate calculation to make the pictures of men appear of life size as viewed from the floor, when as seen in the dome were ten or fifteen times larger. The auditorium is large enough to seat one hundred thousand people, but there are no seats or chairs in it. The vast throng I saw moved from one point to another, viewing the objects of interest everywhere to be seen, for the walls are covered with some of the finest, richest pictures ever painted, and niches all around were filled with the choicest statuary. In short, this great



church is one of the finest art galleries of Europe. On either side of this great room are doors leading into eighteen chapels, where as many congregations meet for worship, as each has an altar and a priest. The gorgeously dressed priests presented a marked contrast to the common people, who in their rags and poverty kneel at the same altar. In the room I entered was a choir in the orchestra of fifty male voices, led by a gray haired priest. Singing was beautiful. In the center of the church is a bronze figure of Saint Peter sitting in a large chair close to the wall elevated on a platform with the right foot on a pedestal; an iron fence about three rods long was in front, and the people fell into line at the farther end, both men and women, and marched by in single file and kissed the great toe of St. Peter, and then rubbed their foreheads on it. The toe was worn smooth and bright by such contact. I looked on in astonishment, feeling that kind of worship would never satisfy my soul. Let me kneel to a Christ who hears and answers prayer. Not far from St. Peter as just described was a small house resembling a sentry box of a soldier on a wall; there was a small open window in it, and a priest inside holding a long bamboo rod in his hand reached out, and with

the other end touched the head of a man or woman, kneeling, as for his blessing; and this he did to quite a number in a semicircle, and when this was done all arose and departed, seemingly satisfied. The faithful Catholic of high or low degree, rich or poor, no matter how many were present who were not of his or her belief, crossed themselves, or made the sign of the cross and knelt before the image of patron saints wholly unconscious of the fact that they were the observed of all observers. There are days when visitors are allowed to ascend to the dome and only on these is the privilege granted. The day before I wished to depart from the city I asked a guide or attendant to allow our party to go to the dome. He shook his head sternly and said: "No, this is not the day." My friends said: "Never mind, let it go." I said: "No, I am going up there now," and taking some silver in my open hand shook it before the eyes of the guide and said: "Dome." The corners of his mouth nearly reached his ears in a broad grin, as he asked: "How many." I pointed them out and at once he led the way. A long, and some of the way very steep and hard climb, brought us where the paintings were, previously described; and then on still higher, where we could step out

onto a balcony, and from this position we had a birds'-eye view of the whole city and surrounding country, the old Roman wall, the River Tiber winding its way to the sea, the King's palace, and the great college buildings, as also the Vatican, with its beautiful gardens and fine walks and driveways. Men on the ground appeared to be pigmies, they looked to be so very small. From this last landing place a large room, a long steep iron ladder led to the highest point above the dome into a brass bulb nearly six feet long and three wide in the center, opened at the bottom, called the lantern. I climbed to, and entered it, and was satisfied, for no man could get any higher over St. Peter's dome. As long as my memory lasts I will never forget my experiences in St. Peter's Church. It has been built about five hundred years. The façade or yard in front of this church is claimed to be the most beautiful in the whole world. It is lined on either side by a colonnade one-quarter of a mile long, closing in at the church in a half semicircle. In each row there are about four hundred pure white marble columns, four abreast, supporting a roof, and at the peak are sculptured figures representing men of full size standing erect, and also angels. The columns are about fifteen inches in diameter and

fifteen feet high. The ground is covered with marble slabs nicely fitted so no weeds or grass can grow, and nice smooth walks are laid with artistic skill, while flower beds are kept in perfect order, lending beauty and fragrance to the enchanting scene. Fountains send up streams of water twenty feet in the air which break into myriads of crystals as the rays of the sun shine through them. A tall Egyptian monument stands in the middle of the yard to complete one of the most lovely spots on earth.

After looking upon such perfection of human skill and achievement as this façade it is hard to believe that on this very ground the bloody Emperor Nero caused Christian martyrs to be dressed in pitch shirts and in dark nights had their clothing set on fire to illumine the awful scene and also dressed others in skins of wild beasts, and had them worried to death by dogs to make sport for him and his great lords and ladies, and yet it is fearfully true. The Vatican is close by, the magnificent home of the Pope and a museum of art and treasures hardly conceivable. The sculptures and paintings are immense, of every description from the ordinary and grotesque to the sublime, by the old masters and students. Raphael has many fine paintings

there, some of his very best. "The Last Judgment," by Michael Angelo, is a wonderful painting, covering the whole of one end of a church, the Sistine Chapel. All of the best paintings have sacred subjects. The library contains many books and manuscripts of great value. Costly vases and mirrors stand on pedestals in the center of the room, which were presented to the Popes by nobles and kings of other countries. They were of porphyry, alabaster and variegated marble. One grows bewildered at the statuary alone. If it could be placed in a line as men and women sit or stand, it would be two miles and one-half long. Everything in the Vatican is on a magnificent scale, and what the Pope has is of the richest and best quality. I saw his golden chariot, with gold tips on hubs, whiffletrees, end of tongue and neckyoke. Inside was lined with gilt and purple cloth. Four beautiful, perfectly matched, black horses, with gold mounted harness, drew the chariot when the Pope rode out in state. A mounted postillion rode along beside, and led each horse, and an orderly rides ahead to clear the way. The King and Queen do not exhibit any such pomp and worldly glory. I could not refrain from drawing the contrast between him and the great

Saviour of sinners, when in His triumphant entry into Jerusalem, He rode a humble donkey without a saddle, and barefooted at that. The time will come when nothing but Christ-like character will stand the final test of the judgment in the last great day.

May 10th, 1886. We hired a competent guide, well posted and a fine linguist, for two dollars a day and visited among the ruins. We saw first, Tragan's Forum, a vast amphitheater, built by Tragan, the fourteenth Emperor of Rome, a level piece of ground, covering an acre or more studded thickly with broken columns of red granite ranging from one to six feet in diameter. One piece was twenty-seven feet long and six feet through. All were very nicely polished. In the court stands a monument of finely sculptured design two hundred feet high, covered with bas-relief of such exquisite workmanship and design that artists from all parts of the world come there to study them as models. This Forum was built 1700 years ago. It is claimed that Tragan inaugurated the great persecution of the Christians in Rome. He appointed his nephew, the younger Pliny, to be Governor of an Eastern Province of Bythinia. Pliny writes to his Uncle Tragan that there are a peculiar



people in his Province very different from the rest of his subjects, and wishes to know how to deal with them. Says they have banded themselves together by a solemn vow to live a pure and chaste life, will not lie or steal, and also they arise a great while before day and meet together and sing, and pray to Christ as a God, and as they persist in this course, must he deal with it as stubbornness, or overlook it as a peculiarity. As I looked on these silent old ruins, I reflected on the situation and thought how little the young man realized that he was dealing with a principle destined to conquer the Roman Empire and rule the world. It was the stone Daniel saw cut out of the mountain without hands, which should fill the whole earth. Daniel ii, 45. This arena or forum is twenty-five feet below the present street or surface. I noticed twenty-five or thirty cats assembled here, which were fed and cared for by the humane of the city. Much of the material of this Forum was used to build two fine churches close by. We next visited the old Coliseum, the most wonderful structure of its kind in the world. It was built to commemorate the destruction of the city of Jerusalem by the Roman army under Titus, the great Roman general. Not less than eleven hundred thousand

people were killed or taken captive at that time. The building was begun, I was told, in the year of our Lord 72, and finished and dedicated in 80. The building covers five acres of ground and is round. The wall was built of stone brought from the Sabine Mountains twenty-nine miles away, north, and stands 165 feet high. The arena is elliptical, or the shape of an egg. It covers an acre and one-half, and is twenty-five feet deep, and walled up to the surface or floor. In the wall of the arena are dens for three thousand wild beasts. Rings are held by iron staples fixed in the wall where they were chained in sight of their victims until all of their native ferocity was aroused and then let loose to devour the Christian martyrs, whose only crime was a pure and noble life. The floor is paved with small bricks set on edge in cement. At regular intervals, stones with six inch holes in them were inserted in the floor, so trees could be set in to make an artificial forest, so when the martyrs would flit from tree to tree, trying to escape from a lion or tiger, it would furnish sport for the spectators. "But the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the church." Great gladiatorial contests were held here, men fighting with men, or a beast against a man. When one man con-



quered another he would put one foot on his neck, raise aloft a dagger, then look up to the crowd to see what their pleasure was; and if they put their hands side by side with palms up, that meant spare his life; but if the palms were down, that said drive the dagger into his heart, which he did. The seating capacity was from eighty to one hundred thousand people. There were four galleries or tiers of seats, one over the other, reaching to the top. Every person could see distinctly all that transpired in the arena. The passageways were all marked, also seats; so it was easy to find any place desired. Water could be let into the arena, so sham naval battles could be fought, and then drawn off. For two hundred years, a part of the Coliseum was used as a stone quarry for building purposes in the city; but finally the Government of Italy, about seventy years ago, discovered the fact that one of the most wonderful ruins in the Empire should be preserved; and accordingly to keep the contour complete, built the first story of what had been destroyed, with modern masonry. For ages the arena had been used as a dumping place for the débris of the city. Only about one-third of it was clear when I saw it. The casual observer would say it is a grand old ruin, and he would

be telling the truth; but the thoughtful man can discover a meaning in it, as high as Heaven, and lasting as Eternity.

When the Disciples called attention to the great stones in the temple Jesus Christ said: "See ye these great buildings, verily I say unto you not one stone shall be left on another that shall not be thrown down." Mark xiii, 2. In about forty years this prediction was fulfilled to the very letter, and thousands of heathen hands had united to rear a monument to remain through coming ages proclaiming the truth that His word can not fail. The Coliseum, though built for a different purpose, was a sure prophecy that the nation that supposed it had conquered the citadel of religion, Jerusalem, would itself soon come under the folds of the Banner of the Cross, which it did by an edict of Constantine in the third century that the religion of Jesus Christ should be the religion of the Roman Empire, and it was accomplished. The preaching of the Gospel, by Paul and others, changed the blood-thirsty dispositions of the people so completely that the Coliseum was allowed to become a ruin, and since then three hundred and sixty-eight churches, some of them the most costly and beautiful in the world, have been built and maintained in Rome. Close by the

Coliseum is a great foundation laid for a monument to Emperor Nero, but was never built. The Arch of Triumph leading to the Appian Way, a National Road, outside the city wall, has some very fine sculptured work on it of Greek and Roman art, furnishing a marked contrast between the two, Greek much the best, though two hundred years the oldest. The Arch of Titus, spanning the Via Sacra or sacred road, just at the entrance to the Roman Forum, is built of pure white marble, beautifully sculptured, with the statues of generals on horseback and soldiers marching, to represent the triumphant return of the Roman army from the conquest of despoiling the city of Jerusalem. On it also appears in bold relief the Ark of the Covenant, given by God to Moses, for the children of Israel, as a sign of His presence and guiding Providence. The ruins of the Forum are wonderful. Large Greek and Corinthian columns stand where they did grand service when the structure was in its glory. Just at the right of the rostrum is the place where the body of Julius Cæsar, after his assassination by Brutus, was cremated. Five rods away was a butcher's stall and one Virginius, a valiant soldier, was summoned from the army because through intrigue of unprincipled men his lovely

daughter Virginia had fallen into their power or control, and walking with her by the block he seized a sharp knife and plunged it into her heart, saying: "Thus only can I keep thee pure." The great orators of ancient Rome here held the listening thousands spellbound as they presented their views concerning the best methods to secure the highest interests of church and state. The Temple of the Vestal Virgins on the right side of the Forum is marked by a cluster of columns standing like sentinels where they have been for ages, and just across the way is the Temple of Peace, erected in memory of Constantine. There are but few spots on earth where so much of historical interest centers as the Roman Forum. Palatine Hill is near, overlooking all of the ruins just described, and on it is the palace of the Cæsars, a remarkable confusion of marble buildings, and columns, of endless variety and richness. The palace proper was divided into four apartments, Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter, in order to secure the greatest benefits of the seasons. In one large room used as a banqueting hall, by Tiberius Cæsar, at the time of the crucifixion of Christ frescoed pictures, on the wall, of great beauty, portraying scenes of festivity, are remarkably fresh and beautiful. A

three-inch lead pipe brought water from the aqueduct to supply this room, and the palace. Close to this home of the Kings, on the other side of the hill, for the palace faced the Forum, is the Stadium, or Circus Maximus. This is a remarkable enclosure in a valley entered through a marble archway, with terraced sides, on which were seats to accommodate 100,000 spectators. A broad, smooth race track one-half mile long and the same distance back on the other side, with a turn at the further end wide enough for safety for running horses, furnished facilities for all kinds of athletic sports, and tests of strength, speed and endurance. Foot races were very popular. The starting point was also the goal, the victor being crowned with a laurel wreath by the judges. Here were the mighty chariot races run, with four-horse teams abreast; the very best and fleetest of the Empire were carefully trained for these contests. The chariot had two small wheels and a low body, in which the driver stood and urged his steeds to their utmost speed. The interest was intense and the great crowd became nearly wild with enthusiasm and joy as the panting victors reached the goal.

Lew Wallace, in his book, "Ben Hur," describes these races and it was on this track his

races were said to have been run. The keen eyes of the Apostle Paul discovered a wonderful illustration of the struggle and victory of a Christian man or woman as a result of witnessing such a scene, and said: "Seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race set before us." Hebrews xii, 1. While 100,000 people watched the Olympian racers, the whole civilized world is observing the faithful Christian. The church of the Scala Sancta, or Sacred Stairs, is one of uncommon interest. It is claimed that the steps up which the Saviour walked in the Judgment Hall of Pilate, in Jerusalem, have been brought and placed in this building. The steps are of white marble slabs two inches thick, and of common width; but are covered with plank to prevent them from being worn out by constant use. They are placed in the main stairway leading from the hall, as one enters from the street, to the first floor above. On the landing is a full size wax figure of the Saviour, with a crown of thorns on His head. The worshipers kneel at the bottom, and begin to climb the stairs on their knees, and at each step cross themselves and offer a short prayer, then the next, until the top is



reached, then they stand erect, then bend on one knee, make again the sign of the cross, turn to the right, walk down another stairway and begin again, believing there is special virtue in the exercise. One rich old man had been doing this, I was told, eighteen years. I saw eighteen people, young and old, of both sexes, thus striving to secure salvation for their souls. But I knew of a simpler and better way, "Ask and it shall be given you, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you." Luke xi, 9. Martin Luther, while on a visit from Germany, begun the ascent of the Stairs as others did, but when part way up, jumped to his feet, exclaiming, "The just shall live by his faith." From that day until the close of his glorious life, God used him as a thunderbolt to break up the stagnation of the Catholic Church and seemingly dead moral forces of Europe, resulting in the great reformation of the fifteenth century, when Protestantism was born and the supremacy of the Bible acknowledged; and the right of every man to read and judge for himself was established. The house was shown us in the center of Old Rome, where Paul lived two whole years, it is said, and received all who came unto him and taught them the blessed lessons concerning the Gospel of



Christ. Considering the moss-grown appearance of the house, built of stone, I had no reason to doubt the claim. The rooms were up stairs in a two-story building, but the door between the two was bricked up. The house is held in great veneration in the city. The prison also, where he was kept for a long time, was shown us, and is close by the Roman Forum. The prison is a large basement room well lighted, with concrete floor, also a well of good clear water for his comfort was in one corner of the room. A stone table close to the wall three feet high and three feet long and two and one-half wide was used by him when he wrote many of his letters and Epistles, I was told. At one end of the table is a solid stone post eight square and six inches in diameter, reaching a little above the table, with an iron staple in it holding a ring to which Paul was chained. I could not help thinking of the utter foolishness of the authorities to undertake to bind and control such a man; for while they might fetter his body and limbs with chains, his lofty spirit could soar beyond the stars and revel in the glories to them unseen. While he was kept in chains as a prisoner, he was writing Gospel messages that would secure freedom to the whole world.

Three miles from the city, to the right of the Appian way or road, is the place where Paul was beheaded, and on the spot a beautiful church was erected and in perfect order is maintained. The main structure is supported by eighty columns, forty feet long, of gray granite and of great beauty, weighing seventy tons each. The altar beneath which Paul is said to be buried is a marvel of beauty, and is sixty-five feet high and stands upon four cream-colored alabaster columns. The front entrance has a similar column on each side of the door. Above the inside row of columns around the great nave and above the frieze work is a row of pictures of the Popes since the time of Saint Peter, numbering two hundred and sixty-two. Front view is wonderful in design and fine in execution. Over the entrance are three pictures, Christ in the center on a rock, Peter on his right holding two keys in his hand, and Paul on the left holding a sword. Under this is a lamb in the center; on the right are twelve sheep and Bethlehem, representing twelve Apostles. On the left twelve sheep and Jerusalem. Under this was Christ and four of the Prophets, all in mosaics.

An attendant told me if anyone but a priest touched even a step to the altar he would drop

dead, and of course I was skeptical; and when he was not looking, put my foot on the dangerous place and felt no harm.

We then returned to the Appian Way over which Paul came into Rome in chains, and drove in a fine carriage seven miles out. Many graves of great men lie along this road. Saw the tombs of Seneca, Schiller and Keats, with many others. On our return we went into the Catacombs under the city, a vast hiding place for both the living and dead. In the time of great persecution of the early Christians they dug great tunnels beneath the surface of miles in length in regular streets, most of them narrow, with rows of alcoves on either side as a receptacle of the dead. At regular intervals quite a good sized chapel was built, beautifully frescoed, where they met to worship free from molestation. Some of the best and most beautiful pictures of Christ are found on the walls of these chapels, and are used by artists as models, for they are considered the most authentic and accurate of any in existence. Of course there are other pictures of great value and many of them; so these underground churches are very beautiful.

There is great danger of being lost in the Catacombs, and it is not safe to enter into them at

all without a competent guide. I was deeply impressed by what I saw; and realized that the faith of the Christian sustains him amidst the fiercest persecutions and sufferings, for he glories in the Cross of Christ. One lovely woman with a babe in her arms being asked if she would renounce her allegiance to the Christian religion and thus secure her freedom from punishment, replied: "I did not leave my native country and come to Italy to deny my Lord Jesus Christ," and with this heroic answer she faced her persecutors who with cruel weapons took the life of mother and child while their spirits went home to their God to wear the crown of martyrs. We drove to the Jewish quarter of the city; the streets were full of men and women. Many were sitting down on benches or chairs, and carrying on their line of business as tradesmen of every description. Piles of ready made clothing and almost everything in the dry goods line were offered for sale. As soon as the people saw our carriage, they arose and doffed their hats courteously until we were beyond their places of business. The Appian Way is the most wonderful road ever built in ancient times. It reaches from Rome to Brindisi, Italy, a distance of three hundred and sixty miles. In constructing the road hills were dug

down and valleys well filled to make it comparatively level. The soil was removed three feet in depth, the trench filled with concrete, which became very hard, and finally finished with smooth flat stones, closely fitted, and fastened with cement. This road was made three hundred years before Christ, and was in good condition when I saw it.

The only Pagan Temple in Rome now is the Pantheon, Church of all Gods, a very large, round structure, not as high as St. Peter's, but the largest unsupported dome, or one resting on the wall, known. The wall, built of stone, is twenty-five feet thick. The door is sixteen inches thick, made of iron. The porch or vestibule is supported by eight granite columns six feet in diameter and forty long. Many celebrated men have been buried in a great vault or mausoleum here—Raphael, the great painter, Victor Immanuel, and others. We went to the Church of the Franciscan Monks, and saw some very fine paintings. Descended to the burial place of the dead, where earth from Jerusalem has been placed. The dead are allowed to rest in the consecrated grave for ten years; then the bones are taken out and placed in rows on shelves, or woven into lamps or bouquets. The skulls are covered

with fancy needlework or tapestry. In the midst of these reminders of death is a nice tasty chapel, where the monks worship. There is no accounting for tastes. There are more monuments of every description on all public squares and in front of churches and public buildings than in any other city I ever saw. While in a very fine park I heard a great shout ring out, "The King is coming," and presently a fine pair of bay horses drawing a tasty carriage with King Humbert in it, passed. He had his silk high crowned hat in his hand, and was smiling and bowing to the people on the right and left. He was a very pleasant appearing man. It was said he made a good King. Little did I think then that in a few years he would be shot and killed by a miserable assassin, which was sadly true. Soon after he passed, the Queen Marguerite appeared in a similar carriage to the King's. Of course both had a driver and attendants. She was a regular blonde and fine looking, and so far as I noticed, the only one I saw in Rome.

Most people in America have the impression that the Italians are dark skinned and swarthy, but the educated better class are as white and fair skinned as Americans or the English. A large building called the Diocesean Baths of



ancient times, has been changed into a lovely church, where I saw a very large pipe organ and heard some fine music.

May 13th. Bade good-bye to Rome and went to Naples. This old picturesque city overlooks the very fine harbor of Naples, where Paul landed on his way to Rome nearly two hundred miles away. The bay is a beautiful body of water suggestive of the mighty Mediterranean sea, of which it is a part. The city has many fine public buildings, cathedrals and churches; also the palace of the King is here, but not used as much as those of Turin or Rome. A large museum of ancient curiosities, many of them from Pompeii, can be seen, all reminding one of the dead past, and of a calamity which shocked the world when a whole city was buried under the ashes and lava from Mount Vesuvius, five miles distant, so completely that it was hidden seventeen hundred years, and forgotten; and was discovered by a man digging a well to secure water for his sheep pasturing there, and while thus engaged uncovered a brick house in good state of preservation. Also in Naples a splendid art gallery is maintained, consisting of the best paintings and sculptured work by the old masters. Art students from all parts of the world come



and study these exhibits as models. Virgil is buried here in a fine cemetery. Naples is celebrated for the beauty of its situation, the bay on one side and Mount Vesuvius, seven miles away, with a great volume of smoke ascending from the volcano at the top of the mountain three miles high, in the day time, and a flame of fire by night, so awful and brilliant as to illumine the darkness for five miles away, on the other side; and still to the north a lofty mountain chain of the Alps covered with perpetual snow, to lend awful grandeur to the scene. Someone not inaptly has said: "See Naples and die."

The people of Naples seem to represent two extremes, the highly prosperous and refined, and the very poor, ignorant and wretched. Beggars are met at nearly every turn, and their numbers and appearance tell the sad story that something is wrong; and it is no wonder to me that so many emigrate to America, the land of the free, where every man has a chance to better his condition and generally does it. When they come to this country they invariably take steerage passage, but when they return to the fatherland take either first or second passage, costing very much more. It has been truly and justly said that the United States of America is an asylum for all the op-

pressed of the world. At 2 P. M. started for Pompeii, about seven miles away, along the bay. On our arrival we went to the only hotel there, a substantial stone building, and well kept by a lady and her son. They told us some soldiers would furnish us a guide, which they did readily. Our first move was to pass through a high, broad archway, down a steep incline for ten or fifteen rods to a street leading abruptly to the right, nicely paved with small cobble stones leading up a sharp rise of ground for some distance, to a broad tableland on which the city had been built. The first ruin we came to was a fine brick house one story high; no roof, but the walls were perfectly preserved, with all rooms intact. What was true of this house was true with them all, excepting occasionally one with two stories and some with tile roof on them. Excavation had been in progress one hundred and fifty years; but only one-third of the city was uncovered. It was a terrible sight to me as I gazed awe-stricken at one part of a house and could not see the rest of it because twelve to twenty feet of ashes and cinders covered it as it had done for eighteen hundred years or more. How appalling the realization that in all of those buried houses were more or less human beings entombed, sleeping

in dreamless slumber, to be only awakened by the voice of God in the great Resurrection Day. The streets were regularly laid out and were straight but rather narrow, but so nicely has the cleaning been done as far as they have gone with it that one can see exactly how they were made and looked before the awful calamity destroyed the city. The streets were paved with what appeared to be blocks of gray square stones four or six inches thick nicely fitted in, but I was told it was tufa or lava from the volcano. Sidewalks were about two and one-half feet wide, and raised nearly a foot from the road bed, and at the crossing of the street does not extend across, but flat stones or tufa are placed three feet apart so the wheels of wagons can pass between them, and those who walk keep the same level. Houses are built close to the walk, mostly of stone, some of brick. Teams never meet, as they go on one street and return on another. Ruins of public temples, elaborate and grand, with altars and idols of heathen worship in a good state of preservation are readily seen. Theaters of vast dimensions and tasty design show how the people sought recreation and pleasure in such entertainments as were offered. I saw a wine house where a great row of earthen jugs were seemingly

left just as used, each one holding forty gallons or more. A bakery with ovens full of loaves of bread, with kneading troughs and all conveniences for carrying on the business, seemed to have been left without a moment's warning. A large public bathroom appeared to be complete with concrete large basins or vats for cold or warm water; stone steps led down into them. Places or rooms for private use in preparing for the bath seemed to have just been abandoned, and racks for towels had been unused all of those ages.

Art was not neglected, for in some houses, frescoed paintings are on the walls astonishingly clear and beautiful. A question has arisen as to the probability of the Christian religion having been taught before the city was destroyed; and many believe it was not, but there had been time for it, as the calamity occurred in the year 69 after Christ. A lovely picture painted on the wall made it clear to me that it had. The three graces, Faith, Hope and Charity, are portrayed in a striking manner. Three figures of women representing those graces with such perfect expressions on their faces, bringing out each grace so completely that no room for doubt in my mind was left. I have never seen anything of modern art in any way equal to it. The museum, situated

near the entrance to the city, is wonderful. Men, women and children, horses, sheep and hens, were just as found in the ruins; also human hair and teeth. No city I have ever visited appealed to my deepest sympathies as did this great mausoleum of the silent past. The Stadium is a large and fine enclosure, built of great stones, and in such fine condition that I could scarcely believe that it had not been used for eighteen hundred years. Close by was a field of rye just ripening, which stood eight feet high. We remained at the hotel all night and early the next morning were provided with horses and a guide to go to Mount Vesuvius to see the volcano, five miles distant. As I went to mount my horse a young man held the stirrup, and when we started on a gallop he ran beside the horse. Finally the guide rode up and said: "You did not pay him for holding the stirrup"; so I threw a little change on the ground for him and thus dismissed him. We soon begun to climb the mountain and our way led through lovely grape vineyards and fine peach orchards and other fruits, besides garden productions of many varieties, all growing thriftily. The soil was disintegrated lava, and appeared much like prairie soil in Illinois and the Western States. When within one and one-half miles of

the top of the mountain we left the horses and proceeded on foot. Great ridges of lava had run down the mountain side like big furrows of a giant plow and cooled, leaving the surface very broken and barren of all vegetation. Most of the way we had to follow a very hard, steep trail; sometimes almost creeping on hands and knees. As I was lighter of foot than the rest of the party I went ahead and reached the summit or shoulder of the mountain first. This was a level piece of ground, the base of a high cone, some five or six hundred feet, at the top or apex was the crater of the volcano. A stream of red-hot lava some two or three feet thick, was running downward, and I noticed it did not run like liquid, but simply broke over the top and worked its way to regions below. The volcano was in active eruption and about every eight or nine minutes a terrible upheaval, as of escaping steam, would shake the mountain, while lava cinders and red-hot pieces of rock would fly into the air from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet high. I saw a path leading up the side of the cone, used while there were no eruptions, and not realizing my danger I ran up the cone's side three hundred feet. The farther I went the worse it shook, and seeing steam issuing from cracks in the



ground I held my finger in it and was promptly burned. I wished to take a view of the marvelous scenery from that lofty height, and desiring to rest sat down, but hurriedly arose from that spot fully convinced that the ground was *very much hot*. The scene was sublime. Naples seven miles to the west, and south the waters of the bay gleaming in the sunlight, while the old ocean in majesty melted away in the distance. On the east and north great chains of Alpine peaks covered with perpetual snow towered above the clouds. And at our feet lay the buried cities Herculaneum and Pompeii. It was a scene so impressive I can never forget it, because to me it was immortal. I was aroused from my reverie by falling stones close by and a piece of red-hot rock struck four feet above me and rolled down to my feet. So near did I come to being killed right there I hurried away and joined the party who had arrived and were viewing the stream of lava already described. My friends said they never saw so scared a man as was the guide when he saw where I was, as no one was allowed to ascend the side of the cone. We descended to the place where our horses were and returned to the hotel, feeling what others have felt. We had had a rare treat. We returned to Naples and



put up at a fine hotel overlooking the bay. In the evening while at supper a party of ladies and gentlemen who had been to Egypt and Jerusalem were seated opposite to where I sat and were talking in a jovial manner and using good English. One fine looking man about forty-five years old said: "When I get back to Michigan I am going to do so and so." As soon as the conversation ceased, I held out my hand towards him, and asked: "Are you from Michigan, in the United States?" He said: "Yes." "What part, if you please?" "From Paw Paw," he said. "From Van Buren County?" I said. "Yes," he replied. "Will you kindly tell me your name?" I queried. "It is B. F. Hayden," he said. I replied: "You are Bela F. Hayden, and your father and mother live in Alma; your brother is a doctor, and your sister is a teacher." As I said that he cried: "Yes, and who are you?" he eagerly asked. I said: "My name is G. P. Linderman." And he said: "You are Elder Linderman, are you?" I said: "Yes, sir, I am." He said: "God bless you, you baptised my brother and sister, and I have loved you all of these years," and as instinctively as one would breathe the air we arose and clasped hands across the table in a lasting friendship, while a silence per-

vaded the room almost oppressive. This was our first meeting, although we had known each other by reputation for years. How strange that we should meet so far from home, and though strangers, yet brothers beloved.

May 16th. We went to the depot to return to Rome, and being asked by a young lady, a flower girl, to buy a bouquet, I knew how persistent that class of venders was; so said: "I do not need any; but there is a man, pointing to Dr. Craig, who may be glad to buy of you." She laid siege to him, and judging from appearances, bought all she had, for he came to Griffith and I and divided with us, saying to me: "You rascal, you sent her to me." We spent the Sabbath in Rome, and on Monday went to Florence, the most beautiful city in Italy. The last thing I saw of Rome was the emblazoned cross on Saint Peter's Church.

The day was beautiful and journey very pleasant. Some of the country was fine, and some very poor. Donkeys, sheep, and goats were plentiful. We arrived at Florence at six o'clock, and went to the New York Hotel, where we had excellent accommodations. The city was so clean, streets broad, and public and private buildings so nice that one would almost think he was

in an American city. The River Arno runs through the town, and a wide, strong bridge spans it, and on either side are fine stores where nearly everything is offered for sale in the commercial line. Some of the nicest art exhibitions in Europe are found here. The great cathedral, built of white marble, where the Reformer, Savonarola, preached over four hundred years ago, and afterwards died a martyr's death, is among the most interesting objects that attracts the attention of the traveler.

Went to the park overlooking the city, where Galileo used to live. Horses working on the streets, have baskets, with grass or oats in them, fastened to their noses, so they can eat, when, and all they desire. Many Americans live here and educate their children along different lines. The women of this city are celebrated for their intelligence and beauty.

May 18th. Left for Venice, riding all night and arrived in the morning. We passed over a low stone bridge for some distance spanning a marshy lagoon, and drew into a fine stone depot, as the brakeman called out "Venice." With suit cases in hand we left the car and as soon as we saw the crowd I called out in a clear voice: "Hotel Victoria"; and in a trice a young man relieved

us of our baggage, saying in good English: "Come this way, gentlemen." We followed him to a queer looking skiff on a canal called a gondola, which called to my mind an incident in New York City. The board of managers of Central Park were discussing the feasibility, one evening, of purchasing some gondolas for use in the Park, when an Irishman arose and addressed the chairman and board, saying: "I am much in favor of securing some gondolas for Central Park, but owing to the present state of the finances I move we buy a single pair of them, turn them into the Park and let nature take its course." As we entered this strange omnibus, I noticed a shaggy, bearded old man with a pole with a hook on one end, in his hand holding the boat. The gondolier shoved off into the stream and the old man jerked his hat off, shaking it at us while he ran up and down the walk in a frenzied manner, yelling something I failed to get. So I asked the porter why he did so; who smilingly said: "He held the boat while you got in and you did not pay him for it." It was a question with me whether I should pay a man for holding his horses drawing an omnibus or not, and decided I did not owe him anything. It was a new experience to me to glide swiftly along the canal, while houses on both

sides towered far above us, the stone steps in front of each, reaching down to the water. The canal is walled up from the bottom on both sides, and as the water is controlled by the tide of the Adriatic Sea, so far as I learned there is no danger of overflowing. Canals take the place of streets all over the city and are laid out just the same, and between them is land, so the people can walk where they please as bridges cross the canals wherever needed. The city had about one hundred and sixty-five thousand people in it, but there was not a horse or carriage there.

Gondolas and barges, or flat boats were used for passengers and freight. There is what is called a grand canal, resembling a narrow river, which nearly skirts the city; and on it steamboats are used. We were not there long enough to become accustomed to the quietude or absence of noise so common in all other cities. No omnibuses, street cars or clatter of horses' feet, or shouting of drivers was heard; and yet business appeared to be lively. Our gondola drew up to the steps of a fine hotel, built of stone and the landlord was there to shake our hands and give us a hearty welcome. I was surprised to see how rich and nice were the furnishings of that hotel. We were told to make ourselves perfectly at

home, which we did, and soon sat down to a breakfast fit for anybody. Our first move at sightseeing was to go to Saint Mark's Square, the most celebrated of its kind in the world. On our way we found the streets very narrow and crooked, but small stores of every kind were plentiful. We passed through a large and high arch made of white marble, and stood in Saint Mark's Square, containing about six acres of level ground, with a band stand in the center. A public well is near by, where good water in abundance can be secured. Women from all directions carry the water, generally in pails or buckets suspended on a stick, with pails at both ends, or balanced on the head. They were strongly built, active and healthy, of medium height and of dark swarthy complexion. The Square is surrounded on three sides by splendid stores, representing all lines of merchandise. Jewelry displays were exceptionally fine; and the other side is where the Palace of the Doges, or Judges, the prison, and Saint Mark's Church are situated. A wide marble walk in front of all the stores, covered by a roof supported by columns of white marble about twelve feet apart and the same in height, furnishes a colonnade of great beauty; also protection from excessive heat or rain. The Palace of



the Doges is an imposing large structure, built of marble. On the inside the decorations of golden frieze work are of dazzling beauty. It is on one side of a canal, and the prison is on the other side, just opposite and are connected by two bridges, one called the bridge of sighs, for the reason that when a prisoner was called before the ten judges of the Inquisition in the Palace, as he was taken over one bridge, and after facing the judges he was taken back over the other, that meant a death sentence and naturally he would sigh, hence the name, Bridge of Sighs. In the Palace are some very fine paintings of the old masters. One especially attracted my attention, by Palmer, Jr., of "The Judgment," claimed to be the largest oil painting in the world, covering the whole side of a large room. In it his wife appears three times, in Hell, in Purgatory, and in Heaven. His father, also an artist, while visiting him, examined the picture and asked why he put his wife in all three of the places, replied he did not know just where he would go, but wished to find her wherever his lot might be cast.

Other pictures represented battle scenes in a struggle for victory and freedom or spoil. The prison is a low, dark stone structure, very gloomy and forbidding. A condemned prisoner was



placed in a small room with no light in it. A hole over the door the size of a stove pipe admitted food, and in such a place he was obliged to remain until summoned to execution in a hall close by, where a large block of wood lies across the passageway of an inclined plane, down which the life blood ran after the knife had done its fearful work severing the head from the body. The knife was much larger and heavier than a butcher's cleaver, attached to an upright iron bar and could slide up or down at the will of the operator, severing the neck with one fell stroke. Oh, I am glad that such fearful scenes are over in all civilized parts of the world. Near the Palace is a tower nearly three hundred feet high called the Campanile. As I climbed to the top of it, a feeling of insecurity possessed me, as it trembled as I walked up and down. It was built of wood. Not long afterwards it fell with a terrible crash, but fortunately no one was injured. While on the top of this tower I had a magnificent view of the city and surrounding country on the North, and on the South the Bay of Venice, and far out on the Adriatic Sea. Also to the East a lovely island where botanical and zoölogical gardens are situated, embowered in roses of marvelous beauty and profusion. Native beech

trees were as white as though the bark had been painted; one of which, a large rose bush had climbed, spreading all over one side on the branches and being in full bloom presented an object of surpassing beauty never to be forgotten. Saint Mark's Church is not as imposing in appearance from the outside as some churches in Rome, but enter and it has a beauty all its own. Painted windows of uncommon richness and beauty admit the light, revealing all objects with a brilliancy unrivaled. It is said that Saint Mark was buried here in a fine mausoleum. We saw many other fine churches, in one of which the heart of the great Canova is buried. In the museum we saw many implements of war and some of them very crude and rare, dating back to periods before the Christian era. There were spears, bows and arrows, stone axes, swords, clubs, and battering rams. Also shields, helmets and greaves for the legs, and armor for both men and horses. At two o'clock each day a loud gong is sounded by machinery, and immediately the air is full of beautiful pigeons flying from all points of compass, and settling down in the Square near a large store on the north side, from a window of the second story of which a man throws plenty of rice and wheat to the pavement to feed the pigeons. There were

thousands on thousands of them, and so tame I walked where they were so close together that they had to move to give me room for my feet, but closed in after me at once. They were beautiful birds and closely resembled the native pigeons of America. They are fed every day at government expense. They are held in great veneration by the people of Venice, for ages ago a carrier pigeon brought a letter into the city warning them that a great hostile army was approaching to capture the city, and heeding the warning were saved. Pigeons there are protected by law.

We had the good fortune to meet three charming American ladies, aunt and nieces, of Portland, Maine, at the hotel, who accompanied us on our trips of sightseeing, in gondolas or walking, as we preferred. In the afternoon we boarded a steamer and nearly encircled the city on the Grand Canal, closing the day's enjoyment with a gondola ride on the Bay of Venice which jets out into the Adriatic Sea.

When out some distance from land we had an enchanting view of the city, illumined by electric lights, which left an impression never to be erased from our minds. While we were on this trip the party invited and urged me to sing a song, and with a desire to entertain them I com-

plied with their wishes, and sung a popular song called the "Sea Shell." When the song was completed, I was greatly surprised by hand clapping and applause coming from every quarter through the darkness of night from all over the Bay, as a response from pleasure seekers in gondolas. I was silently but deeply moved with the thought of the tremendous power of unconscious influence one can exert to cheer and bless others as we pass along the journey of life. I knew we were to leave Venice next morning for Milan, and reluctantly returned to the hotel, feeling we had spent a delightful day with our new found friends, and bade them good-night and good-bye.

It is seldom, if ever in my life, more real enjoyment of an earthly nature was experienced than in this city, the beautiful gem of the sea.

May 21st, 1886. We started on our journey for Milan. Had a nice ride through a fine level country, but most of the time in sight of snow capped mountains of the Alps. Reached our destination at 3 P. M., and went to the fine hotel, DeMilan, one of the very best in all of its appointments to put up at in the whole European trip. Milan is an ancient but very fine and handsome city, with regular and broad streets, with many large public and private buildings, and ex-

ceptionally nice lawns and flower beds; also magnolia and orange trees in full bloom. The air was saturated with the odors of flowers. My first visit was to the Dome De Milan, a stupendous arch over 1000 feet each way, built of pure white marble; and the roof at the highest point, 60 to 75 feet from the floor. The whole structure is lighted with electricity, making a brilliant spectacle, as the entire space is filled with stores of every kind of merchandise for sale. I have never seen anything like it before or since. The great cathedral, the Duomo, is celebrated as the largest and finest in the world, excepting Saint Peter's in Rome. It is built of clear white marble and has a dome 500 feet high. The outside is more artistic than St. Peter's, but inside decorations and exhibitions of sculptured work and paintings not nearly as grand or fine. There are thirty-six mammoth columns supporting the dome, any one of which would furnish stone or marble sufficient to build a good sized dwelling house. The windows are very large and fine, decorated with costly paintings of Bible scenes and characters. The mellow light shining through the painted glass windows lends an indescribable enchantment to this wonderful house of worship. On the outside there are one hundred and thirty-

six steeples; also six thousand statues, representing angels and men. When one pauses to realize the awful undertaking of quarrying the marble blocks from their native beds, and the skill required to form them into human and angelic appearances; and the labor required, it seems almost incredible to believe such grand results possible; but there the great structure stands, a monument to the courage, skill and love of the builders, which will challenge the admiration of generations unborn. We climbed to the dome, where we had a wonderful view of the country for miles around. To the south a lovely river, like a silvery stream, stretched away and was lost in the distance on its certain way to the sea. On the North, eighty-two miles away, a grand old mountain of an Alpine chain, could be clearly seen with the naked eye. How difficult it is for a traveler to take in all, or one-half of what such a panorama means; the scenes enacted there in the long silent ages of the past, the fierce battles fought by contending armies, and decisive victories won, resulting in the establishment or overthrow of a government. Then, too, the splendid men and women developed in that region, who can tell how much we of this day and country, owe to them for our matchless civiliza-



tion. We took a carriage ride about the city, and saw the forts for defense and the barracks for the soldiers. Milan is one of the finest of cities.

May 22d. Left for Switzerland, and on the way passed through Saint Gothard tunnel under a mighty mountain nine and one-half miles long, said to be one of the greatest feats of engineering skill in the world. Work was begun on both sides of the mountain at the same time, and so accurate were the calculations that the workmen met in the center on the same level, and the boring through the solid rock did not vary six inches when the task was completed. In passing through this marvelous highway of commerce we felt no unpleasant sensation, only that we were gliding swiftly under millions of tons of solid rock, and felt a drowsiness, like approaching slumber, which disappeared as we emerged into the awful gorge on the other side. The rugged grandeur of the scenery at this place beggars description. The scenery along this route is considered the finest in Switzerland. At one place three railroad tracks of the same road can be seen. From our car I saw two tracks below me in the deep gorge, for it required two loops to lower or elevate a train as it went or came. Waters, from melted snow



on the high mountains, rush down over the rocky crags in fantastic beauty, and frequently leap hundreds of feet to valley below, and hurry away in a sparkling stream. Cozy little cottages with wooden sides and stone roofs nestle among the crags, with a little garden well tilled, some chickens, a pig and a very fine cow, tell the delightful story of love and happiness of the brave mountaineers. We noticed men and women with heavy packs of lumber, or boards, four or five feet long on their backs or heads trailing up the mountain sides; yet they appeared to be contented and happy.

About three P. M. we left the car at Lucerne and boarded a boat on Lake Fluleen for Vitznu at the base of Mount Rigi. The lake is a beautiful body of water, hemmed in by surrounding mountains. On our left I saw a rough but fine monument, which had been erected on the shore, to perpetuate the memory of the heroic William Tell, who was compelled by a tyrant to shoot at an apple placed on the head of his little son as the price of his liberty. He hit the apple, but did not harm the boy, and after his release the tyrant noticed another arrow in the quiver, and asked why he had it, to which Tell replied, "It was intended for you, had I killed my boy." We

left the boat at Vitznu, and arranged a trip to the summit of Mt. Rigi three miles or more, by a curious railroad with a third rail in the center furnished with cogs, and the engine having a corresponding wheel, could climb up very steep grades; and brakes were so arranged that if any accident occurred no harm would be done. Before starting our handbags were carefully weighed and a charge was made by the pound. The train moved about as fast as a man would walk, so it consumed an hour or more in making the ascent. We slowly climbed along the steep ledges, looking down into fearfully deep gorges, crossing on bridges spanning awful chasms, one of which was over three hundred feet above a sparkling stream of clear water. We could look down upon the tops of tall trees, which seemed to be far below.

Lake Fluleen appeared in the bright sunshine as a mighty mirror reflecting the great mountain we were climbing. The farther we receded from the valley the more sublime and grand the scenery, until far above the clouds, we were cheered by the sight of a fine large hotel, called the Culm, on the highest peak of that Alpine mountain. When we began our journey, flowers were smiling in beauty and fragrance all around us; but near the hotel, snow banks reminded us of eternal winter.

One needs to see in order to fully appreciate the glory and grandeur of the scenery. The great craggy peaks of the mountain chain stretching away beyond valley and hill to the North, East and South, and on the West, Lake Lucerne, and beyond, lofty summits, all white with perpetual snow. So vast, so varied, so picturesque, the panorama, bewildered with ecstatic joy, I sought a place where, alone, I could give expression to the gratitude I felt to the Giver of all good things, "who stretches out the North over empty place and hangeth the earth upon nothing." Job 26:7.

The loud sounding of the supper gong summoned me to take my place with about three hundred guests at a long table in a very large and nice dining room. It seems to be the ambition of most sightseers to eat a meal and sleep in this hotel. By every plate was placed a bottle of wine, and the first move made by diners is to pour out a glassful of it and drink it. A Dutch lady at my right, noticing that my party of three did not touch our wine, gave me a vigorous punch with her elbow, and asked in broken English, "Why you no drink vine (wine)?" I replied, "We are Americans, and do not need or drink it." She told her husband what I said, and in aston-

ishment he told her to ask me if Americans did not drink wine, and why. I replied, "Some do, but the best of them do not touch it, for they want steady nerves and clear brains, and this is why America is leading the world." They stared at us, but were silent, seeming to feel we were a natural curiosity. So far as I could learn we were the only ones who did not use wine. The air was remarkably clear, so we could get a splendid view of the setting sun, as its clear rays kissed the lofty crags on every side. In the morning at four o'clock a bugle was sounded to awaken the guests, so they could see the sun rise. A dense fog is common, so it is considered a rare treat to find the atmosphere clear, which was the case, as we all hurried to a point near by. We did not have to wait long. When the first rays appeared, a hush, awe inspiring, fell upon us all, and with uncovered heads reverently we watched the fast increasing light which seemed to me to be the smile of God. That light, like the Gospel of Christ, illumined everything it touched until every object about us was covered with glory. The rim of the sun appeared while every eye was fixed on the expanding orb, and presently the full blazing world was in clear view; but it seemed to be a thousand times larger than I had ever seen

it before. A shout of gladness went up from the admiring crowd, which returned to the hotel, feeling they had been blessed with a privilege seldom if ever enjoyed in a life time.

But, somehow, I was so fascinated by what I had seen, that I lingered as if chained to the spot, and very soon there appeared clouds over the sun, which had a peculiar light shining upon them; and suddenly they took shape of a well laid out city of great beauty and magnificence, broad straight streets, great business blocks, and fine residences, such as I had never seen. Great churches and cathedrals with steeples, minarets, towers and domes, stood forth in startling grandeur. I bowed my head and worshipped as in the presence of the Infinite who had granted me a vision of the palace of the Great King. I left that place with impressions upon my soul, which can never be erased.

At 9 A. M. we left the hotel, with its many interesting and very pleasing memories, and soon was at Vitznu, where we boarded a fine steamer for Lucerne at the mouth of the lake, from which the town derived its name. The River Reuss flows out of it, and as I passed along on the sidewalk close by the water, was surprised to see great schools of fine fishes, some specimens nearly two

feet long. They had come out of the lake close by. The town is old, but fine, with many splendid and well managed hotels, which are greatly needed, for it is a favorite resort for tourists from all parts of the world. We went to the Hotel Swan, and were nicely entertained. It being the Lord's day, I went to a church and was surprised to see a Catholic motto, which was a painting of a figure, an angel with a church in one hand and a sword in the other; which meant, join us or perish. But I was comforted with the thought that salvation is easily obtained, for it is written, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Also, "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation"; and again, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "For my yoke is easy and my burden is light."

Although it was the Sabbath day, the town seemed to be full of pleasure seekers, and all places of amusement were open and in full blast. Concert halls and merry-go-rounds were well patronized, while brass bands, parades and speech-making, was the order of the day. As I took in the situation I gladly turned from all the noise and confusion I had witnessed, and sought re-



tirement in my own hired room. I thanked God that I could find much greater pleasure in reading my Bible and in prayer.

May 24th. Monday A. M. found me well and ready to depart on a train for the city of Berne, where we arrived in good time and order. Like other Oriental cities, Berne is old, but clean and nice. At the hotel the clerk led us up several flights of stairs and was making for another when old Dr. Craig lost his patience and said, "If you are going to take us up into the attic, we will go to another hotel." This had the desired effect and we were given lovely rooms on the second floor. Sightseeing was rather tame, for the most exciting thing I saw was a den of genuine bears, kept in the north part of the town.

May 25th. Left for Interlaken, a lively little town nestling in a nice valley, surrounded by high and craggy mountains. Splendid hotels furnish good accommodations for exiles from home, at a reasonable price. When we went in to supper many ladies and gentlemen were seated at the table, who stared at us as if they meant to recognize if they ever saw us again, which I fondly hope they will not. But we were cheered by lovely and inspiring music, and blessed with a good night's rest. Many fine cows are kept in the



town, which roam at will; a large herd came home at night, each one wearing a great brass bell, emitting a different sound. We hired a man to take us to a point nine miles away, called Lauter Brunen. As we started we saw many women at work in a fine large garden; some of them wheeled the baby in a little cart or cab, and amused it as best she could while she planted or hoed. Others spread a blanket on the ground and put the baby on it, fastening an umbrella over it for protection from the sun. Our guide explained that the government owned the land and gave the use of it to the citizens who wished to raise vegetables to last them through the year, each plot in accordance with the size of the family. He pointed out his own wife, saying the women till the gardens, while the men earn money at something else.

The awful beauty of the scenery on this trip is indescribable. Craggs thousands of feet high, almost perpendicular at places, were pointed out, where wild mountain sheep or Chamois climbed up or down as they pleased. By the roadside, in a very wild gorge, stood a man blowing an Alpine horn, which consisted of a tube with a mouth piece at one end, and a large opening at the other, resting on the ground. To say the least, a little

of that music would go a great ways, for it would scale the high summits and return until the echo died away. As we approached he gave a fearful blast, and then jerked off his old hat, and took a collection. Lauter Brunen is only a small village, hemmed in on all sides by great mountains, with only a narrow valley as an outlet. I saw a waterfall of a small stream three thousand feet high, which struck only once, midway, on a shelving rock. The base of the Jungfrau, the highest peak of the Alps, is at this point. A deep chasm is spanned by a footbridge and starting to cross it I was startled by a loud noise, which was caused by water of melting snow running down the mountain side with terrific force, like a cannon ball, shooting through a hole in the rock, of a few feet in diameter, and falling into a rocky bowl or basin below, and then gliding out in a stream of clear cold water. Just at noon the sun shone in on the spray from the boiling, churning water, forming a rainbow of surpassing loveliness and brilliancy. The Jungfrau is thirteen thousand feet high. We went to the hotel, kept by a young man and his wife, for dinner, and were greatly surprised when a nice meal worthy of any place was put before us. We all,

my friends and myself, pronounced the landlady, a native Swiss, to be one of the handsomest women we saw in Europe. We were united in saying that the Swiss people we saw were far superior in every way, in intelligence and thrift, to the Italians. On our return trip we told the driver of the horse to pass by the man with the Alpine horn on a stiff trot, which he did, for the blasts we had heard would satisfy us for a thousand years. Returning to the hotel at Interlaken we rested well, and in the morning started for Basle, where we arrived at noon, and finding nothing of special interest took a fast train for Heidelberg, Germany. For about eight hours we rode through a very fine country. On the right, saw what is known as "the black forest," a large tract of fine timber, owned and protected by the government of Germany. The German farmer is considered among the best in the world. No fences divide the farms owned by different parties; but a ditch or a mound, raised a little above the level, serves as a line; and on the latter a road is maintained, used to go to and from work, as the houses are in little villages, while the land tilled may be one or more miles away. Towards evening a common sight was a cart loaded with fresh grass,

and several men, women and children, drawn by a fine cow with large distended udder, lowing for her calf left at home.

Everywhere thrift was apparent, and industry blessed a contented people. Arriving at the famous city, where educational advantages could be secured of a high order, in the University of Heidelberg, we went to a very fine hotel, De Europe, where every attention was accorded us we could desire. Most of the waiters are girls, and the one assigned to look after us tried very hard to talk in English, but made very hard work of it. I asked in her language if she spoke German and her under jaw dropped and she yelled "Yaw." I then feared she would talk me blind.

The next morning we visited the renowned Heidelberg Castle and found it in a fair state of preservation. It is situated on a high hill overlooking the city. A tower one hundred and twenty-six feet high affords a commanding view far and near. A gorge on one side 300 feet deep from the top of the tower, made the approach by an invading army very difficult, if not impossible. The bombardment of the old Castle for the last four hundred years gives evidence of terrible struggles, of triumph and defeat. A por-

tion of the tower which was loosened by the French, fell a great distance to the ground, but so strongly was it built that it did not break by the fall. We saw two gigantic casks to hold wine; the largest was thirty feet long and twenty feet in diameter, and can hold fifty thousand gallons. It is not used now. There were old cannon balls of all sizes, spears and small arms, which had been found in the ruins. Dense woods have grown up around the castle, presenting a wild and picturesque scene. The university accommodated one thousand students at one time. One of the chief attractions of this fine old city to me, was that Martin Luther had preached the gospel of freedom to the priest-ridden people of that town, and had put in motion a great influence which is now sweeping over the whole world, producing peace, good will, and gladness to all the nations of the earth.

About noon we left Heidelberg for the world renowned city of Worms, where Martin Luther was summoned before the Emperor, Charles V, and all the crowned heads and Lords of Church and State of Europe, to answer to a charge of heresy, because he declared that the just shall live by faith in Jesus Christ, and were not dependent upon monastic vows, or superstitions of the

Roman Catholic Church of Rome, or any other place. The whole power of Europe was combined against him; but he gained a signal victory over them all, for he stood behind the Bible, and defied the assaults of the forces of earth and hell. No man, or men, could stand before him, or meet his arguments in favor of the freedom of the human will, and the power of deliberate choice, in shaping and fixing the destiny of the soul, in that assembly of five thousand of the ablest men of the world. And when, in the council chamber, or Diet of Worms, he was pressed for an answer as to whether he would recede from the bold position he had taken, or not, he simply lifted his hand sublimely toward Heaven and pronounced the words which made him immortal, "Here I stand, I can do no other way, God help me. Amen."

The fearful wave of earthly power had broken at his feet, and he stood forth as the champion of liberty of conscience for all time; and thus was Protestantism born and defended by this glorious old hero, who took his life in his hand to bequeath to generations then unborn, the pure gospel of love and eternal peace. The spot where the council chamber stood is now occupied by a church, and on the organ loft is a fine oil paint-



ing representing the scene, "before the Diet of Worms." In the public square of this beautiful old city is a bronze figure bearing the features of the Wittenberg monk, erected by an appreciative people to commemorate the inauguration and establishment of the great Reformation. The figure is twelve feet high. He stands with the Bible between his hands, with a determined expression on his rugged, grand old face, as he looks up to Heaven as if uttering his final decision, leaving the impression upon the beholder, of force and greatness, which monarchs cannot crush, or death destroy. The greatest monument Germany ever erected is centered in the life and teachings of her brainy and honored son, Martin Luther.

Close by the city is quite a large tract of native forest, adding greatly to the general beauty of the place. I will long remember with pleasure and gratitude the place where one of the mightiest battles for religious liberty was fought, and the victory won. Reluctantly we said good-bye to Worms, and boarded a train for Mayence, on the River Rhine.

As we reached the fine Hotel Belvue I asked the clerk if he had any mail for me, and smiling, said: "Got a lot"; and sure enough a large pack-



age of long looked for letters was handed me. They were the first I had received since leaving America. They had followed me thousands of miles. I was greatly relieved to find my friends were well and prospering in my far distant home. The most I saw of this city was a few fine churches and public buildings. After a good night's rest we went on board of a splendid boat, for an all day ride down the far-famed River Rhine to the city of Cologne, Prussia. As we expected a great treat, in no sense were we disappointed, for the river and scenery were grand; but I saw no place of interest, superior, or equal to the Palisades on the Hudson of our own beloved land. Nevertheless, the experience was enchanting, and impressions made ineffaceable. On either side, much of the way, were high, craggy bluffs, and on some of them were moss-grown castles, or ruins of them, covered with ivy and creeping vines; and old forts, long since dismantled, serving only as a reminder of carnage and trouble when war did its awful work. We passed many towns and cities, of which Bonn and Bingen were the principal. Some places were extremely beautiful, while the scenery changed all of the time. Grapes of the best quality and in great abundance, were raised; not only on the level

spaces, but up the steep sides of high hills and in among the rocks, wherever sufficient soil was found to produce a vigorous vine.

About one o'clock we were invited to take seats at the table in the spacious dining room, where an exceptionally good dinner was served. We passed some points on the river where the rapids are very swift and the water leaped in wild confusion. About four o'clock we could see in the dim distance spires and outlines of tall buildings, and at five we cast anchor in the lovely little harbor of Cologne. The city is nice and clean and has 150,000 inhabitants. We went to Hotel Holland and found a good home for the traveler. The principal attraction in this large city is the cathedral, one of the most imposing from the outside, of its kind in existence; but is not the equal of Saint Peter's or Saint Paul's, in Rome, on the inside. The spire is five hundred and thirty feet high. The whole building is simply immense and grand. In the church of Saint Ursula we saw eleven thousand skulls of Christian martyrs killed in the fourth century. They were arranged on shelves in regular order and nicely covered with tapestry of fine needle work, made by the Nuns. An alabaster jar was shown us as one of the six water pots in which

water was changed into wine, in Cana, of Galilee. I asked the priest, who showed us all there was to see, if he was sure this was one of those six jars, and he said, "There is no doubt of it." Then I replied, "If so, some marvelous changes have taken place since then. Those jars held twenty-one gallons each, but this one will not hold two; also those were made of stone and this one of alabaster and very fine at that; and it would be a miracle to change stone into alabaster." He gazed at me as if he thought I was a fool, and I said no more; but the incident reminded me of what President E. B. Fairfield, of Hillsdale College, Michigan, said while he was traveling in Palestine. He was shown in a certain city a skull of the Saviour, and in two or three days after, in another city, was shown another; so he said to the guide: "I saw at such a place, the skull of the Saviour two or three days ago; but it was much larger than this one." "That is all right," he replied, "but this was when he was a boy." I felt it is a very difficult task to drive anything out of the head of a superstitious priest with a sledge hammer.

Some of the largest horses I ever saw were used in this city to draw great loads on carts. Some individuals would weigh two thousand four

hundred pounds each. Dogs were employed in drawing milk carts and light loads.

May 29th. Left for Brussels, Belgium, where we arrived at seven o'clock. Went to Hotel Britannica. Brussels is a city of four hundred thousand inhabitants. Streets broad, straight and clean. Public and private buildings are large and fine. The palace of King Leopold was near our hotel. The grounds are spacious and beautiful with lovely flower beds, and shrubs of all kinds and descriptions, while large forest trees rise in stately majesty, lending sublimity to the landscape. A high wall of stone encloses the royal façade, shutting out unwelcome intruders. Went to a concert in the park, and enjoyed the singing and instrumental music.

May 31st. Went out of the city ten miles to visit the battlefield of Waterloo, where Napoleon I was defeated by the English in 1815. The ground is a natural battlefield; a gentle depression, or valley, quite wide and long, lies between two sloping hills, not very high. The French army on one side and the English on the other; and from these points a fearful storm of battle raged until the English gained a signal victory. A guide pointed to a spot, saying, "Here the remnants of his beaten forces formed

a square, with Napoleon in the center, and marched from the field, where he had staked all, and lost." To mark for all coming time the place where the seemingly invincible General of world renown was defeated, a circular mound of earth covering over two acres once drenched with blood has been raised, and stands over two hundred feet high and at the top nearly reached a point, and is only broad enough to admit of a large recumbent lion to surmount it, made of guns taken from the French. This lion is twenty feet long and ten high, with his face turned toward Paris. The French objected to this, but were not in a position to dictate and the English did as it pleased them. The victory was theirs, also the reward. The mound is kept in perfect shape by being nicely sodded. A good flight of steps, with railing on both sides, leads to the lion; so all who desire to climb up and descend can do so safely. With a wish in my heart that war will always be a thing of the past between those two nations, I left the field which means very much to them both, and returned to Brussels, and very soon left for Antwerp, Holland. On our way we saw some quite extensive fields of red poppies in full bloom, and looking beautiful indeed. They are raised for the opium that is in them, I was told. The coun-

try is low and mostly level, and many of the fertile fields have been reclaimed from the sea by the use of dikes. Antwerp is an old and very interesting city. As we reached our journey's end we were met by a hotel runner and conducted to the center of the town, where we found accommodations which left nothing to be desired. At this point a large dock has been built, where great ships are anchored and loaded or unloaded, as the case may be, in the marvelous enterprise of transporting passengers or merchandise to all ports of the world.

The cathedral is large and nice. Decorations are unique, but very uncommon. Near the altar and pulpit are hung two very costly red curtains ten feet wide and fifty feet long. Carved work of pheasants, hens, roosters, peacocks and turkey cocks, the latter with tails spread, completed the ornamentation. To me the sight was anything but inspiring. Dogs are used very much for light driving and work in the city. I saw a pair of large ones harnessed to a delicate wagon going at a lively gait drawing an old lady and gentleman. Horses, for heavy work, are very large and strong.

We visited the Art Museum and saw many fine pictures by Rubens and others, such as "The



Pool of Bethesda," "Adoration of the Magi," "Adoration of the Shepherds," "Crucifixion and Ascension"; also the four Marys returning from the sepulchre. We saw the chair used by the great painter, Rubens. It had a wooden frame and leather seat, which was well worn, yet was in a good state of preservation. Holland had a special charm and interest for me, for my grandfathers, on both sides, were born there.

June 1st. Left Antwerp for London. Had a pleasant ride on a train through Holland, crossed the arm of the sea to Flushing by boat, then into London by railroad; and, going to Brooks Hotel, where I had left my trunk, I felt my journey on that continent was practically ended. On June 10th, taking leave of London, I started for Liverpool, two hundred miles away, where I was to sail on the grand ocean steamer of the White Star line, *Adriatic*, for home. I carried two dozen fine large oranges in a basket on the train for use on the sea if I should want them; and a sharp English lawyer sitting close by asked why I had so many. I explained and said: "Try one, they are sweet and nice," and he said, "I will." He praised the orange highly and seemed much pleased with it, and became very talkative. He



was free to sneer at the Bible, calling it a book of lies and old fables, and had much to say against the church and the Christian religion. I replied: "If your position is correct the Bible is false and religion an idle dream." He said: "Yes." I then said: "Please tell me which are the two greatest nations on the earth," and he said, "Most assuredly England and America." I said: "You have named the two nations who bend lowest before the Bible and practice its teachings the best, while their moral character and intelligence challenge the admiration of the world, and it is all due to the baleful influence of a lie." I continued: "The orange you ate, did it grow on a good tree or a bad one?" and he said, "On a good tree." I said: "You do not care whether it was a low tree or a high one, with smooth or rough bark, so long as the fruit was good," and he said "No." So I said: "The tree of life, as revealed by the dear old Bible, producing the fruit of the grandest men and women on this earth, cannot be a bad tree, can it?" He grew red in the face, and reaching out his hand grasped mine, and said with deep emotion: "I own the truth, your position is right." He had been so absorbed in our conversation that he passed the station where he wished to get off, and had to wait for another

train. As he bade me good-bye he said: "I am glad I lost the station."

Arriving at Liverpool, and having to wait six hours, I spent the time profitably by visiting as many points of interest as I could, such as public buildings, art galleries and parks. It is a large fine city. At six o'clock a tender carried me out into the middle of Mersey River, so I could board the steamer for New York, and with feelings of regret I watched the shores of merry old England fade out of sight, and felt my heart throbbing with exquisite pleasure as I realized, if all was well, I would soon see dear familiar faces in my own native land. I had a very nice berth in the first cabin all to myself, with electric lights and a call bell. There were plenty of good books in the library to read and time passed swiftly while crossing the sea. Our food was of the best of everything, and plenty of it. The weather was fine most of the way, with only one storm one would call severe. In this one, a wave dashed clear over the steamer. I committed myself to the care of God and felt perfectly safe. In due time the ship slipped into her dock in the great metropolis of the New World, and I was home again. I had not been sick a day since leaving New York, for which I was grateful.

Before leaving New York I bought a silk umbrella and carried it with me the whole trip, but never took it out of its case until I returned. Rain fell at different times, but it was while in the cars or at night. It did not take long after landing for a good train to take me to my church and people at Lake View, Pa., where I received a hearty welcome, and at once renewed my pastoral duties. Before leaving for my journey I had caused to be erected a fine two hundred and fifty dollar granite monument at the grave of Mrs. Linderman to mark the place, so if I never returned her friends and mine could easily find it. There is always danger in crossing the ocean of never returning. But I was not even seasick. I brought home a picture or something for each of my congregation as a souvenir and afterwards gave a course of free lectures describing what I had seen to my people. I have lectured more or less ever since. People generally are eager to hear men speak on foreign travels and experiences. After listening to a lecture on Rome a lady said: "I have a serious criticism to make on the lecture." I replied I was glad if she had only one. She said it was not one-quarter long enough, as the time was so brief, and I said, "I spoke just two hours by my watch." In lecturing and

preaching I always try to secure and hold the attention of my hearers, so they do not get weary, or uneasy. I speak easy and without notes or a manuscript. I keep my eyes on my hearers and they watch me. I never lean on the pulpit or stir about, to speak of, but stand erect and in a natural position. Many preachers never seem to realize the wonderful power there is in a graceful and fascinating delivery. A poor sermon well delivered has better effect than a good one poorly delivered. People love to listen to a man who throws his soul in what he says, and how he says it. The preaching that is always acceptable, as to matter, is Jesus Christ, a risen Saviour for a fallen sinner.

On July 8th, 1886, I was married to an amiable lady, Miss Carrie Huntley, of Phoenix, Oswego County, New York, daughter of Silas and Alida J. Huntley, which proved to be a very happy union. We went at once to my pastorate in Pennsylvania, and as we reached the parsonage were met by about a dozen women of my parish, who cordially welcomed the new bride, and congratulated us both. Their husbands soon came and were introduced, and we all accepted the invitation of those splendid women to partake of a bounteous and dainty supper they had prepared

for the occasion. In the evening the whole congregation assembled to extend a cordial welcome to the stranger who had come to be a blessing to them, and to me. Right royally and gladly did she assume the responsibilities of a pastor's wife, and helper; adapting herself readily to her new position, its duties, joys and cares. We remained with that church until April, 1887, and from the very first to the last day of the pastorate God's blessing was on the community. I wish to make special mention of some of the splendid men and women who were faithful, efficient workers: Deacon A. D. Corse and wife, Luther Barret, wife and mother, L. D. Hall and wife, Polly, Jasper Avery and wife, also Nettie Avery, Alvin Barret and wife, Alonzo Barret and wife, Calvin Prescott and wife, Henry Tyler and wife, John Stoddard and wife, O. C. Whitney and wife, also his father and mother, Asa Norris and wife, Horace Stoddard and wife, Mattie Bryant, Almeron French and wife, and many others. Among the converts honorable mention should be made of Delos Washburn, wife and children, David Bryant, wife and children, Hollis Barret, wife and children, Carrie Stoddard and sisters, Anna and Edith Stoddard, Nettie and Dollie Houghtalen, Nellie Pease, and very many others. Some of

this goodly number have entered into rest, others are still doing good work in the Master's vineyard at this date, 1910. I accepted a call to a church, East Hamlin, Monroe County, N. Y., and entering this new field, were kindly received and a good work was done. On May 8th, 1887, our first child, George, Jr., was born, and August 14th, 1889, a second son, Adelbert C., and February 10th, 1892, Lois H., and July 18th, 1896, Carrie, 2d. These four children are still spared to us and are now 23, 21, 18, and 14 years old, a joy and an honor to our home, and a source of inexpressible gladness and thanksgiving to us, as parents. In 1888 I had a strong impression forced upon my heart that to yield to oft repeated requests to devote my time to revival work, would be safe and best. Men could be pastors, who were not adapted for this special line of service. So I moved my family to Phoenix, N. Y., and went forth as an evangelist. My first point was Fairport, N. Y., with good results. Next, I went to Cleveland, Ohio, where a glorious work was done. There was a great demand for my services in the churches to assist pastors or without them, for I entered every door opened to me where I could do anything to better the condition of men, changing sorrow into gladness, and com-



plaint into praise. For several years I followed this blessed occupation, not sparing myself, until failing health called a halt. December 16th, 1889, we moved to Paw Paw, Van Buren County, Michigan, where I bought a house and fine garden spot of six acres; and inside of a week, before we were half settled in the new home, I left the wife and two little boys to do revival work in Michigan, to fill previous engagements, and the blessing of God was upon those efforts, often in a striking manner. Churches were revived, the lukewarm were quickened, and sinners converted in large numbers. My methods were simple and direct. Nothing sensational, or of a clap-trap nature was resorted to in order to attract a crowd, but reliance upon the Holy Spirit, and a clear, earnest presentation of the truth as taught in the Bible was all that was necessary to attract the people, who are sure to go where the longings of their souls can be met and satisfied. As a general thing, with favorable conditions, the house or church would fill nearly to its capacity the third night, and converting power would manifest itself before the end of the first week. One pastor said: "You have come to a very hard place, the people are so indifferent to religious matters." But I said: "Duties are ours, results

belong to God." That very night a leading citizen, a man of strong influence, declared he was weary of sin and wanted to be a Christian. The next night a man noted for irreligion, a sheriff of the county, with others, yielded to God, and before the close of the week, the town was in religious convulsions, and that humiliated and astonished pastor said, if lightning out of a clear sky had struck the town, he would not have been so surprised. I begun a meeting once, on Tuesday evening, and Friday night, four days later over forty had declared their faith in Christ as a personal Saviour, and a few days later I went to a beautiful lake near by and baptized forty-five, and in the evening organized a church of ninety-six members. At one place, as I had just begun a series of meetings, a hardened, sinful old man met me on the street, and asked, "Do you think you can convert anybody here?" I replied: "No, sir; I don't claim to have converting power, but I serve an Almighty God who has, and you may see displays of saving love very soon if you look for them"; and he did. A lovely young lady tenderly declared her purpose to live a God-fearing life, and asked us to pray for her skeptical old father, who, a little while before this, had decided to kill himself by hanging; but he was glori-

ously saved; also another old infidel, his close neighbor, with his son-in-law, a son of the man who sneeringly asked if I thought I could convert anybody there, and his daughter, with many more, and the glorious work did not stop until the whole community was revolutionized and a strong church formed there. Generally, I did not attack men living in sin as many preachers do, but endeavored in a kind and encouraging manner to hold up a risen Saviour, a perfect example as a man to pattern after by us all; and, of course, the difference between such a life and their own would naturally create a desire to be rid of the wrong that made the difference so great, and seeking the remedy in Christ the work was done. The truth, believed and acted upon, will completely change the whole life and character of anyone testing it. I never knew it to fail.

I never had the unpleasant encounters with angry opposers as many evangelists do, for "a soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger." My desire was always to get the good will of all, if possible, by carefully guarding against stirring up opposition. For instance, at a certain place an old man was pointed out to me as a bad man, and the pastor wondered why he came to our meeting, for he was a wife

beater and a drunkard. I said: "So much more need is there for his coming, so he can get help to overcome his bad habits and be gloriously saved."

One night, in preaching, I said: "A lost man is bewildered and does not know how to be set right, as the Bible to him is a sealed book, and none of us may know how such a man secretes a breaking heart, or how he longs to be freed from the sins which are ruining him." The next day I called at his house, and he welcomed me with tears of gladness, saying: "If any man ever told the truth, you did it last night," referring to what I said about a breaking heart, and with a trembling voice said: "That is me." Then he asked: "Is there any hope for an old sinner like me?" and I said, "Yes," and explained simply the course he must pursue and the blessing would certainly come. The first thing he did was to ask pardon of his good old wife for all of his meanness to her and their children, which was readily granted. And then at church he made himself right with his neighbors and God gave him another heart. His conversion was very pronounced and complete. God can and will save, to the uttermost, all who repent and obey.

An Evangelist of necessity should be well posted, for emergencies will arise when he is not

looking for them. Many people desire to ask questions which to them are of deep moment; so I provided for this point by saying, publicly, that I would read and answer if I could, all questions pertaining to the Bible and the destiny of the soul, if they were plainly written on slips of paper and laid upon the desk. One night I found quite a number, and proceeded to read them, when this one appeared: "Please prove to me that the Bible is the word of God." I replied: "This is a great problem to be solved in so short a time, and this is my answer: 1st. All objectors refuse to believe the Bible because they do not understand it all; and it is absolutely true that a man cannot write or produce that which he does not comprehend or understand; therefore, its origin is higher than that of man, and that origin is God. 2d. The teaching of the Bible does what no other system of religion or philosophy ever has done or can do, reconstruct the soul and completely change the whole life. 3d. The Bible perfectly satisfies the deepest needs and longings of the human heart and can make perfect the whole man; and God only can do this, and the Bible is His revelation."

A very bright young man, a prosperous merchant, asked me one afternoon if I was very busy,

and I said, "No, only to get ready for evening meeting"; so he said, "Will you go home with me, as I wish to talk with you?" "Certainly," I replied. He left the store in care of the clerk, took me to a nice home and introduced me to his wife, a lovely Christian worker in the meetings; then sat down facing me and frankly said he did not believe the Bible or the Christian religion, and would give all the world if he owned it if he could, for the Christian man was superior to any other, and certainly happier. "Well," I said, "your case is not at all hopeless"; but he said: "It is, for I have talked with many clergymen and others, and none of them could help me." "God can help you, I know, and now tell me your main trouble," I replied; and he said, "I do not believe in the Trinity in the Godhead, the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit. I do believe in one eternal God; that he is not divided into three persons, and, of course, I reject Jesus Christ." So, having the matter clearly before me, I said: "I desire to ask you a few simple questions. 1st. Do you believe God created you in his own image?" "Yes," he said, "I do." 2d. "You have a union in yourself of body and mind, or soul?" He said, "Yes." "Perfectly clear, is it?" I asked. "Yes," he said. 3d. "Are



there not different functions of the same mind you readily recognize, as conscience, feeling, and will, and these are all in your own mind, but it is not divided, but different manifestations of the same mind, making a marvelous unity in the complete man." He thoughtfully said "Yes"; then I said: "You own there is a perfect trinity in yourself, and that you are made in the image of God, and if the creature has a trinity made in his image, who can be just and complain if God sees fit to manifest Himself in three ways, the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are One, whether we understand it or not. It is ours to believe and accept, the manifestations He has revealed of Himself, and be not faithless, but believing."

He reached out his hand, and grasping mine, said: "I see it all, I surrender," and falling upon his knees beside his rejoicing wife he gave himself to God, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. He wrote me later that the doctrine of the Trinity was perfectly clear to him and the world all about him had a new meaning and beauty because he had surrendered to the Authority which could and did illumine his understanding and saved his soul.

In all my efforts as a pastor or evangelist I made it clear that I believed firmly that there is

a Heaven to gain, and a hell to shun, "for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." It has been my happy privilege to conduct over 100 successful series of revival meetings, and the good that resulted from the efforts put forth, I wish to ascribe all of the honor and glory to God, and deeply regret that I have not done more and better work in His name.

The years have passed all too quickly and I am nearing the setting sun of a long and strenuous life in labors of love in the cause of Christ and humanity, but the lengthening shadows have no terrors, as I believe, for me. "At evening time it shall be light."

I will now insert two or three sermons, and also a couple of poems composed and written by my wife.

Sermon, Matt. 16:18. Upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. Theme, The stability of the Christian church. The durability of a structure depends largely on the foundation upon which it is built. Place never so good material, or however well put together upon an unsafe basis, and no one will be surprised when the building falls.

The process of erection is subject to all the vicissitudes of changeable weather, the skillfulness

or unskillfulness of the workman, yet the plan is the same, and though the work may be retarded by a failure here, or a mistake there, ultimately it will be completed. Place it on a good strong foundation and the builder will be rewarded for his toil. The Christian church is a stupendous structure, built upon the Divinity of Christ, and though hindered by great obstacles, victory must be sure.

Doubts and fears are disturbing the tranquillity of the American Republic to-day, as to the safety of the cause of Christ, and that there are causes for apprehension we do not deny when we look at the perfidy of some of the professed followers of Jesus; yet the existence of a counterfeit bank note is positive proof of the genuine. No judicious man would throw into the fire all of the national currency in his possession because he discovers an imitation of the true; so is it with the just man in matters of religion. The purity of the waters of the ocean is maintained by its motion, and the air we breathe is cleansed by cloud and storm.

The devastating wars of Napoleon produced a shock which taught all Europe that Jehovah is the God of all nations, and He will vindicate the rights of His church. "I was but a youth," says

Professor Tholock, "when Germany was called to contend for her freedom, but I well remember that this memorable event awakened religious desires in hearts that until then had remained strangers to every Christian sentiment." Every one was penetrated with this thought, that if aid came not from on high none was to be expected on earth. If there were no struggles in the work of the church self-sufficiency would creep in and defeat the work itself. Man's strength lies in his humility, and his ability to do is in proportion to his firm trust in God.

The text suggests that there will be a struggle and contention in the glorious work of the church, but the gates, or councils of hell, shall not prevail against it. An English poet tersely expressed the sentiment that loyal hearts and lives are put to the test in the following lines:

"Till from the straw the corn the flail doth beat,  
Until the chaff be purged from the wheat;  
Yea, till the mill the grains in pieces tear,  
The richness of the flour will scarce appear.  
So, till men's persons great afflictions touch,  
If worth be found their worth is not so much;  
Because like wheat in straw they have not yet  
That value which in thrashing they may get;

For till the bruising flails of God's corrections,  
Have thrashed out of us our vain affections.  
Till those corruptions which do misbecome us  
Are by thy sacred spirit winnowed from us;  
Until the straw of worldly treasures,  
Till all the dusty chaff of empty pleasures;  
Yea, till His flail upon us He doth lay,  
To thrash the husk of this our flesh away,  
And leave the soul uncovered; yet more—  
Till God shall make our very spirits pour,  
We shall not up to highest wealth aspire,  
But then we shall and that is my desire."

In speaking of the Christian church let us notice, first, the foundation upon which it is built, and it is apparent to all thoughtful men the Divinity of Christ the Rock of Ages, "Other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, Jesus Christ, Himself, being the corner stone," and as He was "the way, the truth and the life," speaking with reverence, God Himself could lay no stronger foundation. The fierce storms of persecution and opposition have been hurled against it through the ages, but sublimely she stands, the joy of the whole earth.

Second. The builder and material. Jesus said, "I will build my church," and the very fact that

we are blessed with a church proves its Divine origin. He who framed the earth and built the sky, also manages the seas, can most certainly rear the mightiest palace on earth or in Heaven for his believing children. The material is the best among men and women everywhere the Gospel is preached and believed, for voluntary offerings are made to Christ for the church by every soul soundly converted to God, through the operation of the Holy Spirit. The power of deliberate choice is brought into use, for it is written "choose ye this day whom ye will serve; if God be God, serve Him; but if Baal, serve him." The brightest, cleanest minds master the grandest truths, and appropriate and practice them; and Christ as the master builder places them where they are fitted to be in His house which cannot be destroyed.

Third. The structure and its duration. He who can paint the clouds with the sunset's glow, and tint the rose with its most delicate colors, knows exactly how to fashion his spiritual church in the Celestial City where the streets are paved with gold, and night never enters. Christ builds for eternity and blessed are they who form a part of His church.

Fourth. The church is the Bride of Christ,



and will live to all eternity. Principles will live when all material things have ceased to be. Truth is eternal, and cannot be destroyed. When the councils of hell have come to naught, the glorious old Rock of Ages will ever remain, and the Christian church will forever stand.

“Like some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,  
Swells from the base and midway meets the  
storm;  
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are  
spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.”

(Published by request.)

Outline of a memorial sermon in honor of Mrs. Anna Parker Allen, wife of Rev. Paul Allen, who died at Norwich, N. Y., April 4th, 1910, preached in the First Congregational Church of Coventryville, N. Y., by the pastor, Rev. G. P. Linderman. Text: Prov. 31:10. “Who can find a virtuous woman, for her price is far above rubies.” Theme: consecrated womanhood.

The meaning of this passage is, not only is a virtuous woman pure and chaste in her life, language, thought and influence, aims and desires, but full of purpose, courage, force and decision.

She has opinions of her own and expresses them without fear or favor, at the call of duty to herself and those she may influence. That this text applies to the lady whose name we tenderly revere we are free to admit; but it also applies to any good and noble woman. Solomon's question does not preclude the fact that such women did not live in his time, but called attention especially to their worth, that her value could not be measured by rubies or any earthly consideration and no price can be put upon her work. This question is 3000 years old; but we of the twentieth century gladly say, thank God, we have found her; thank God we know and love her in the person and beautiful character of Mrs. Anna Parker Allen; and not only so, but through the developing influence of the Gospel of Christ, this class of women has become so common that if this question, who can find a virtuous woman, be asked of almost any good man in this country, instantly he will say: "I have her in my home, in my wife and in my daughter," and we believe he would be speaking the truth.

Such glorious women are numbered in our highly favored land by the million. Who can fathom the depth of the love of a wife or a mother. We look with deep interest upon the

very common sight of a fond mother rocking the cradle with one foot on the rocker, while she gently sings a tender cradle song; and we admit that she who rocks the cradle rules the world, and the foot that jars that rocker shakes the earth. All honor to her.

I wish now to speak of a few women of Bible times as well as of some of recent date. When the beautiful Queen Esther knew of the fearful calamity which threatened the extinction of the Jews, her people, by the perfidy of Haman of the Persian court, she conferred with her Uncle Mordecai, and said: "Fast ye and pray for me; I also, and my maidens will fast; and I will go unto the King (Ahasuerus) though not according to the law, and, if I perish I perish. What was her life, and the splendors of the King's court and palace, to her, in comparison with the life and liberty of a whole nation? The marvelous strength of her character is seen in her perfect willingness to lay herself on the altar as a sacrifice to save if possible the people she loved. And as long as the world stands the praises of the lovely Queen Esther will be sung by an appreciative and admiring people.

When Naomi, of the land of Judah, sojourning for a time because of a famine in her native

home, in the land of Moab, was about to return, her daughter-in-law, Ruth, desired to accompany her; but she advised her to stay with her own kindred. And Ruth, though born and educated a heathen, said: "Entreat me not to leave thee, or from following after thee, for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried." Her inflexible purpose prevailed, and like a wave on the shore of the sea all opposition broke at her feet. She was no longer a heathen, she had chosen God and His people for her portion. God heard what she said, "Thy people my people; thy God my God," and He honored her as very few women have ever been honored, by allowing her to become the great ancestress of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

The valor of her decision and strength of her will have challenged the admiration of the people of all the ages. The virtue and glory of a grand woman was recognized by the Apostle Paul when he wrote to Timothy commending his faith, which he said, "was in thy mother Eunice and in thy grandmother Lois, and also is in thee," showing that the finest, purest traits of character are trans-

mitted and handed down from one generation to another by God-fearing, consecrated women.

Coming down to our own time and people, you remember, about twelve years ago, the death of a marvelous woman who was universally loved and honored by a grateful world. She was nobody's wife, she was nobody's mother, yet all true men doffed the hat at the mention of her name, Miss Frances A. Willard. Gifted above ordinary women with a broad discerning mind and a deep spirituality, she espoused the cause of the oppressed by the rum fiend, and breathed new hope into the drunkard's heart and cheered his poverty-stricken wife and children. That strong and brainy men opposed her and differed widely from her views and methods, it is true; yet, with undaunted courage and fidelity, she used voice, pen and influence in the cause of Christ and humanity until she made her name immortal; and while gratitude lingers in the breasts of the lowly and great, her sublime life and labors will be an inspiration to kind words and lofty deeds. To-day we bow submissively in deep sadness to the Divine Will, and we pass under the shadow of a great bereavement by the death of a beautiful woman who had scarcely reached the noon of her life. Born in this community, emerged into

lovely womanhood, was converted and joined this church, ever lending a helping hand in sustaining all of its best interests, and with fast developing intellect, to satisfy a strong craving for an education, she attended school at Oxford and also at Cazenovia. How little she realized in this mental up-climbing that she was fitting herself for the grandest position to which a woman ever aspired, the wife of a blessed minister of the Gospel of Christ. An unseen hand guided the willing feet and shaped her destiny. She was not only a wife and mother such as she only could be, but was a comfort and joy to all who were fortunate enough to know and prize her. I do not betray any confidence when I say, as I called at the home of the bereft parents, Mr. and Mrs. Parker, a large number of letters were placed in my hands from sympathizing friends, far and near, who knew and loved her. I read some of them and found that the writers were moved by the same spirit which sways us all, an awful sorrow because death had paled the cheek and silenced the voice which was music to all who heard it. She was modest, unassuming, and genial; her manner simple and refined. The greeting she gave me the first Sabbath I was here, saying she hoped I would come and labor with the people



and help build up the cause of Christ, I will always cherish. While memory lasts I will never forget her.

We extend as a church and community our tenderest sympathies to father and mother, brother, husband and child.

I have officiated at the open grave for fifty years, but in all of that time I have never witnessed such a home coming as on the 7th of April, when we gently laid her away to sleep until the morning of the resurrection. Peace to her blessed memory.

“Sister, thou wast mild and lovely,  
Gentle as a summer breeze;  
Pleasant as the air of evening,  
When it floats among the trees.

“Peaceful be thy silent slumber,  
Peaceful in the grave so low;  
Thou no more wilt join our number,  
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

“Yet again we hope to meet thee,  
When the day of life has fled;  
Then in Heaven with joy to greet thee,  
Where no farewell tear is shed.”

Of consecrated woman we say, God bless her; "Give her the fruit of her hands and let her own words praise her in the gates."

Outline of a funeral sermon preached September 16th, 1910, at Coventryville, N. Y., by the pastor, G. P. Linderman, at the funeral of Mr. Henry Calkins, who died September 14th, 1910, in the 85th year of his age. Text: Isaiah 64:6. "We all do fade as a leaf."

A leaf appears to be a very insignificant thing in itself, as it is only one of millions on millions of innumerable plants and trees, beautifying and enlivening all nature in summer time; yet it has an individuality of its own, for in all of the vast forests of the world there is none just like it. The wisdom of God is seen in its perfection; the perfect veins and delicate web, its green tints and tapering form make it a thing of beauty and joy. At the behest of God it is born a tiny bud, and expands into full size and strength; and by the breath of God it fades and dies. We can not notice the falling leaf without a feeling of deep sadness, for it is a sure and striking symbol of the mortality of mankind.

"The wind breathes low,  
The yellow leaf scarce whispers from the  
tree,  
So gently flows the parting breath,  
When good men cease to be."

Like a leaf, a man, strictly speaking, has no duplicate in time or eternity, but stands alone in his own entity, as complete as he would be if he was the only one in the universe; yet, like leaves, there is a close similarity in appearance, and nature, so that the Prophet truly says, "We all do fade as a leaf." There are specific reasons why this is true.

1st. Because it is God's revealed plan, that man shall not live forever as a mortal being. "It is appointed unto men, once to die, and after this the judgment."

That there is glory in the natural life is undeniable, but the glory of the spiritual is infinitely above and beyond it. There are so many changes in the mortal experience, entailing great uncertainty and overshadowing the happiest life with fearful forebodings and conscious unrest, that the spirit within longs for a state and surroundings free from these things. How beautiful the sight of a lovely family of children full of promise and

glee, as the fond father and mother kiss them good night, and listen to their evening prayer, feeling oh, how blessed we are in our home with these innocent buds of promise while visions of a prosperous life fill their minds as to the future career of all of these little ones; but as unconscious of any fear of danger as possible, a pang of sadness creeps into the parental heart that danger of accident or disease may be lurking near and ere the night is gone their joy may be changed to sorrow, and their hopes into despair. This is the common lot of all, that while seemingly we are in the sunlight of prosperity, we are surely entering the shadow of death. We all do fade as a leaf.

2d. Death is God's method of transporting his people from one stage of existence to another, from time to eternity. Our methods of traveling are so improved over those of past ages that it seems in comparison that distance is almost annihilated, and the nations on the other side of the globe have become our close neighbors. We can accommodate a few hundred, or thousands, on our best railroad trains, or largest ocean steamers, but God can remove a whole nation, or an Empire in a day. "Thou changest his countenance and sendest him away."

The thief on the cross said to Jesus, "Remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." And Jesus said unto him, "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." We have good and substantial reasons for believing that when we close our eyes on mortal things we instantly open them upon scenes immortal, and at death do not lose consciousness.

Job says, "And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." And Saint Paul longed to depart and be with Christ. Dying Christians are all cheered with the thought:

"I'll soon be at home over there,  
For the end of my journey I see;  
Many dear to my heart over there  
Are watching and waiting for me."

The moral standing of a man is in no way changed by death, but his character will be fixed and permanent. With this life is probation, but at death we must expect judgment. If a man is so unwise as to choose to do wrong, and lives and dies as a rebel, against the authority of God, I believe the best provision for such a man that even God can make has been made; that he shall

be separated from God and the glory of His power; and, like Judas, be allowed to "go to his own place." Man is the architect of his own moral being.

The glory of this world vanishes and fades because there is a grander life yet to be revealed.

3d. Man's eternal well being and glory can only be secured by fading in time to live again in eternity. The dead and seared leaf seems to say, this is all; but a sure voice whispers behind it, there will be another Spring time, for God has said it shall be.

With our aged father whose death we mourn, we have lived and walked the common path of life for many years; but now we must lay him away gently, in a dreamless sleep, and leave him alone with God. Because of our bereavement here, we are obliged to say good night, but yonder, in a grander, brighter clime, we will say good morning.

### EASTER LILY.

The beautiful lily, sweet emblem of love,  
Divine in its mission and sent from above;  
The grasses surround it in purity's bloom,  
With their soft drooping heads, a willowy  
plume.



There on her grassy throne of velvety green,  
The maid of the morning, the beautiful queen;  
Our homage we pay her, our tribute we bring,  
She's robed in white garments, this beautiful  
queen.

Still bowing to angels and bathed in her tears,  
She tells the sweet story, that's been told for  
years;  
Of a manger, a Christ, known all the world  
'round;  
Of a loving Saviour, a cross and a crown.

She kneels and is weeping, by His sacred tomb;  
The sovereign has left it, in silence and gloom.  
Hark! She hears a sweet voice, has heard it  
before!  
The Christ, He is risen, I've opened the door.

Look up, fairest lily, and hear what I say,  
There is no more night, Christ is risen to-day;  
Oh, dry your pearly drops, dear precious flower,  
Christ is enthroned above, in Him is *Power*.

CARRIE H. LINDERMAN,  
Syracuse, N. Y.

## DECORATION DAY.

"Old Glory" floats in yonder sky,  
In mighty grandeur waves,  
Red, white and blue, as the boys pass by,  
Down to their separate graves.

It has won our nation's victory  
And we revere its powers;  
We are proud to own "Old Glory"  
And to know that it is ours.

We have fought the battles for it,  
We have stood the shot and shell.  
Few old veterans left to-day,  
For hundreds of thousands fell.

They fell in the path of duty,  
Ready for any command;  
Fell with their glittering fire arms,  
And buried under the sand.

Just a few this side of Jordan  
Who can now the story tell;  
Just a few and slowly marching,  
Stepping, to the distant knell.

Every year their ranks grow thinner,  
Every day we say, good-bye,  
To some one of these brave soldiers  
Who have fought to win, or die.

When the nation's war cry sounded  
We must fight to end this strife.  
The call it came, Who'll sign his name  
And if need be, give his life?

The clouds hung heavy overhead,  
Their linings, too, were dark;  
A single star could not be seen,  
Not even a tiny spark.

O, those anxious days of weeping  
And nights of sleepless hours;  
When we questioned, one the other,  
Must it be your son, or ours?

O, the heartaches of the mothers,  
And that precious, promised bride,  
Of the daughters and their lovers  
With so much, so much, beside;

Fathers torn from home and loved ones,  
Mothers left with all to get,

Bending 'neath their heavy burdens,  
Can a pension pay this debt?

Every day the painted signboards  
Told of loved ones passing o'er,  
Told of wounded, dead and dying,  
Lying on that field of gore.

Then the waiting for the letters  
From the bloodstained battlefield,  
Trembling, too, lest they should bring them  
News within a black band sealed.

And with it, a tender message,  
Given to some comrade dear:  
"Tell her that I died a hero,  
To kiss mother, with a tear."

Let us consecrate one May day  
To think over all these years;  
Mourning with the broken hearted,  
Mingle with their grief our tears.

Carry flowers, wreaths and garlands  
To the place where now they sleep;  
Decorate the graves of heroes  
And in sorrow for them weep.

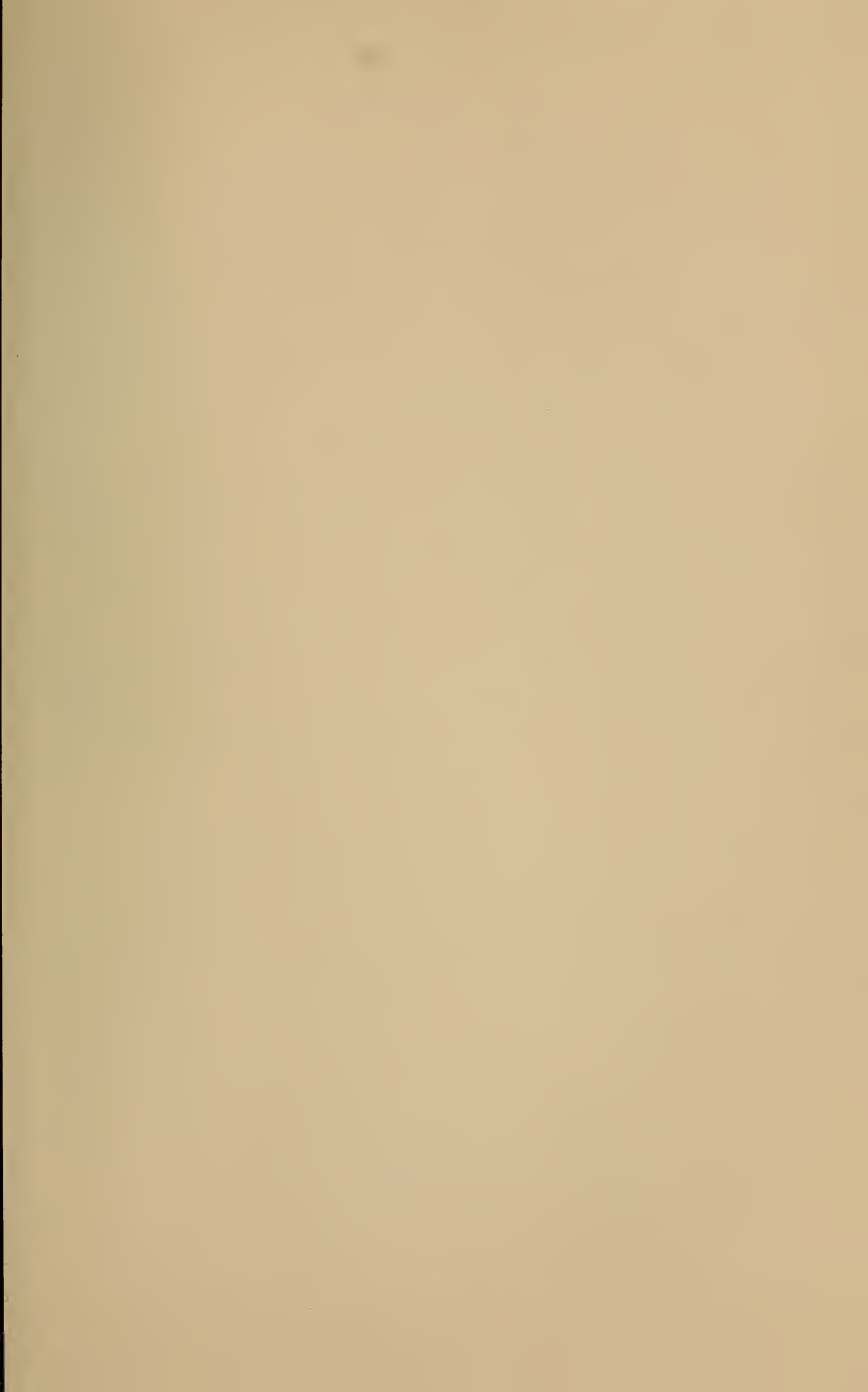
Seek out every bier imbedded,  
Underneath the grassy sod,  
Lift our grateful voices heavenward,  
In thanksgiving to our God;

He, who gave in time of trouble,  
When our country was at stake,  
Men of courage, brave and dauntless,  
Given for Old Glory's sake.

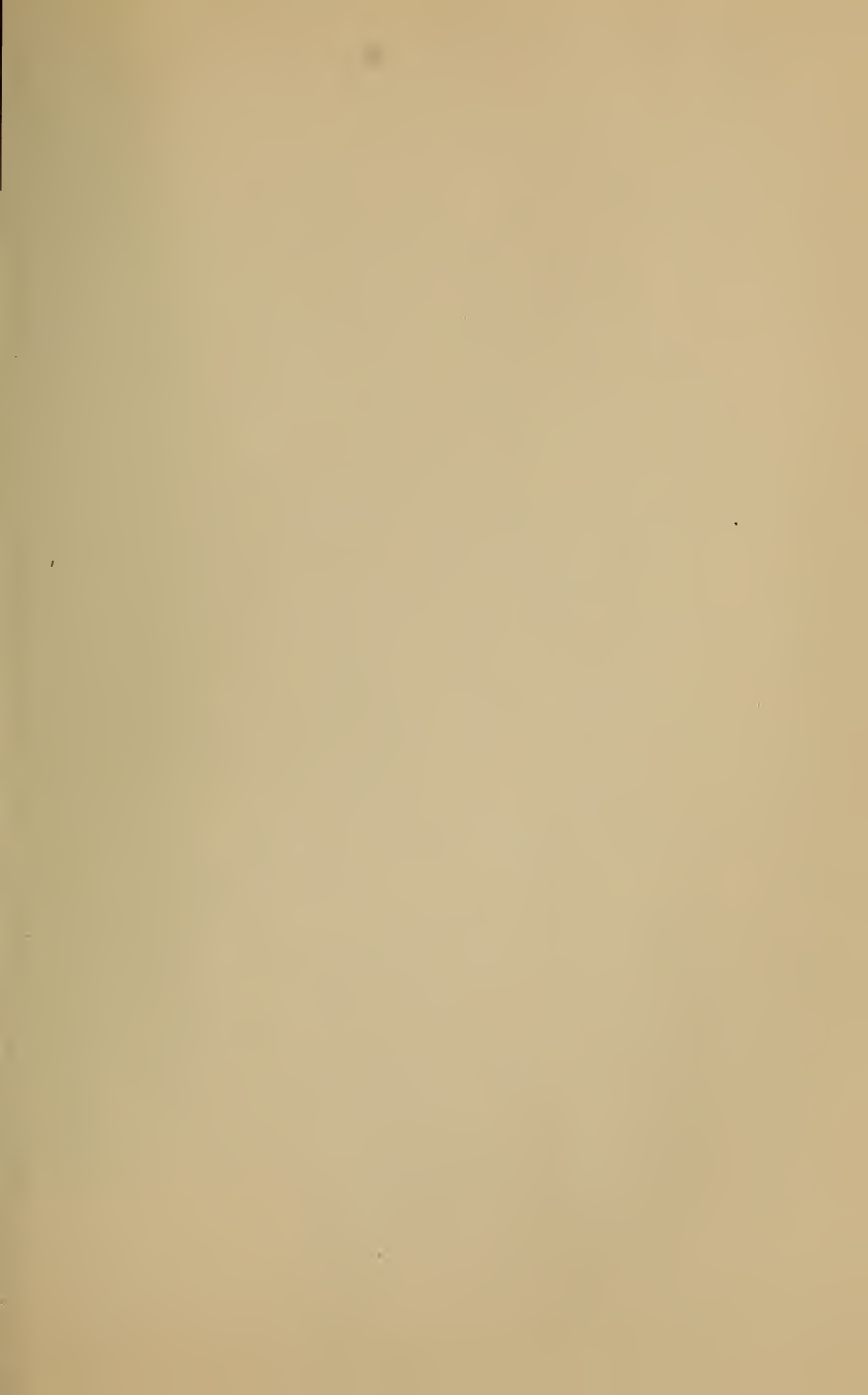
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